

## Three's a Crowd

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# Three's a Crowd

by [friendly9host \(orphan\\_account\)](#)

## Summary

Jungkook has absolutely no business falling in love with his boyfriend's best friend, but, well.

Here he is.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Moving In

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jungkook loves his boyfriend.

Really. He does.

Hoseok is a dream. Attentive in how he has a sixth sense to spot when Jungkook's had a particularly taxing day, talented in how he's the charismatically debonair captain of his dance troupe, gorgeous in how he strides straight out of the shower like he's in a shampoo advert, and sweet in how he pops up with random surprises for Jungkook out of the blue; a box of chocolates, a case of his favorite banana milk brand, a new oversized hoodie to add to his collection.

These are all of the things Jungkook tries to keep running on a constant loop inside his head when Min Yoongi stands less than ten feet away from him, in all of his dismayingly attractive, messy-haired, bleary-eyed, distressed-denim glory.

Jungkook is familiar with Yoongi in the vague sort of way one is familiar with a cousin thrice removed - he is a plot point on the horizon of Jungkook's social map (which, admittedly, doesn't expand very far), and Jungkook knows where he falls within the lines: composition major, friend of Namjoon's, former roommate of Seokjin's, Taehyung's tutor, Jimin's boyfriend, and Hoseok's - self proclaimed - *platonic soul partner*.

This is one of only a handful of times he's come face to face with Min Yoongi, but it most definitely isn't the first time he's... *observed* him.

It started with a seed of guilt planted deep in his belly - the note of, not surprise, but *excitement* when he'd realized that Yoongi frequented Jungkook's favorite cafe. Studying for his philosophy course became studying the way Yoongi's fingers wrapped delicately around the styrofoam cup handed to him; watching Ted Talks became watching Yoongi furrow his brow in concentration at his *own* work.

This admiration from afar only served to make him even shier about the idea of actually striking up a conversation with Yoongi. It seemed that his entire friend circle knew the guy except for Jungkook, which...struck something discordant inside of him. Like, he missed the window of opportunity for befriending him, and now he *never can*, almost as if he's now indefinitely confined to watching Yoongi through the glass pane.

And before he could stop it, the seed of guilt had shot up into a sprout of regret, and from there, blossomed into a jungle of shame as the days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months and, suddenly, Jungkook found himself with a *problem*.

He had a *crush*.

On his boyfriend's *best friend*.

Whom he barely even *knew*.

(Yet had no problem practically *stalking for months*. )

"Um," Jungkook begins eloquently, "he-hello?"

Yoongi gives a world-weary sigh from where he stands in the

doorway, shifting uncomfortably on his feet, and it is only then does he notice the luggage clutched tight in Yoongi's hand, slung over his shoulders, across his back. "Jungkook. Hey. I'm... so sorry. Um, is Hoseok around?"

The pleading look in his eyes elicits something within Jungkook that terrifies him. Eyelashes fluttering dangerously pretty against the fringe of his bleached hair, incisors digging unconsciously into the plush of his bottom lip...

It's all so *distracting*.

"...Jungkook?"

"Yes! Yes, um, yes, Hobi's here, I'll just -" And then, like the idiot he is, he trips over the line of sneakers by the doorway, and lands hard on his shins. A second later he's jumping up, with a squeaked "*I'm okay!*" as he runs into the master bedroom.

Slamming open the door, he startles Hoseok, who's currently studying for...Sports Med? Jungkook can't glean the title of the textbook from the angle he's at, which is panting for breath, bent over at the waist.

"Hobi..."he heaves, "Yoongi...at door...luggage..."

Hoseok makes a questioning noise as he sets aside his study materials, cocking his head in concern. "Yoongi? With luggage?"

Then *something* in his head clicks, because his eyes widen and he sucks in a quick breath. With a great sweep of his arms, all of his notebooks and papers and textbooks are flying off of his lap and onto the

comforter. He leaps from the bed and flies out the door - the look in his eye sends a cool gale through Jungkook's body.

"*Oh, Christ,*" he hears Hoseok sigh from the living room, "*oh, God.*"

Jungkook is scared.

Hoseok, generally, doesn't let things ruffle him; he is reliable and methodical in a way that sets comfort deep into the marrow of Jungkook's bones. Sometimes, when Jungkook loses track of his mind, he'll often find himself daydreaming of a faraway place in which neither of them go to school, or work, and Jungkook doesn't have to do anything except bask in the care that Hoseok cocoons him in.

So when he peeks his head into the living room and catches sight of the sharp triangle that Hoseok's mouth has contorted into, the crease between his brows, the worry glimmering in his eyes, he knows that something *grave* has happened.

Slowly, soundlessly, Jungkook approaches the pair on the couch. Yoongi, to his credit, sits steady on the upholstery, the only thing betraying his cool exterior being the one hand not tangled with Hoseok's that fidgets relentlessly with the rips in his pant leg.

(He feels incredibly guilty for thinking such things in a time like this, but he finds the habit kind of really super cute.)

"And, y'know. I told him what we talked about...I told him I couldn't do it anymore, I just wasn't in *love* anymore..."

Hoseok hums, rumbling and deep and low in his chest like how he

does whenever Jungkook gets anxious, and he rubs circles into the palms of Yoongi's hands. "Yeah, Yoon, and that's okay. You can't help how you feel. It's better than leading him on."

"He called me heartless." Yoongi's face remains impassive as he stares past Hoseok and straight at the drywall, gaze unfazed and unflinching.

"Yoongi..."

"He gave me, like, thirty minutes to pack. He set the timer on the microwave. I...don't have anywhere to go."

*That* draws a wince out of him.

And maybe it's the shock of seeing Yoongi in a state like this after only ever perceiving him in a coffee-induced contented bubble with something warm in his hands and something soft around his shoulders; maybe it's the guilt that he's perceived him in the *first* place, without his knowledge or consent.

(Maybe it's the little arpeggios that leak out of his singing heart when Yoongi's teary gaze meets his own.)

Regardless of what compels him to do so, Jungkook finds his mouth opening on its own, and the words spill out before he can cram them back in.

"But you can just live here, right?"

Silence.

He feels like he's being skinned alive by the eyes that bore into him. While Yoongi is ogling at him with something akin to disbelief, Hoseok's stare is...unreadable. Clouded. His pupils shake, shining bright even in the dim lighting of the living room, and it takes an effort of paramount force to chance a few tentative steps from the doorway.

*Stupid, stupid, stupid* seems to echo with each footfall, and it only crescendos the closer he approaches, until he's stood in front of the two men on the couch, still interlocked at their fingertips.

"I don't - I don't mind," Jungkook continues, "and you guys. Well. You're, like, best friends. It'll be fine. You can stay here with us, Yoongi-ssi."

More silence.

Then,

"If you're letting me live here, kid, you better start calling me 'Hyung.'"

The flush that spreads over his body is absolutely mortifying. He thinks he hears Hoseok chuckle from the side, but he is decidedly Not Looking Over. Instead, he keeps his gaze trained on Yoongi and, specifically, where his cheeks have begun to pinken in hue.

It's...



It's cute.

It's really cute.

“Okay then, Yoongi-hyung.”

The smile that blooms on Yoongi's face is a weak one, but it's a smile all the same. And Jungkook will take it.

;

After Yoongi gets situated in the guest room and retires to bed, Jungkook and Hoseok retire to their own. It's been a long day for everyone involved - Yoongi had been swaying on his feet as he'd wished them a good night, and Jungkook knows he himself couldn't have been in much better of a condition. After all, the sun had long since set by the time Yoongi came knocking on their door. Jungkook was not surprised to find the clock beside the bed with numbers on it that made the bags under his eyes triple in weight.

He's just about to drift away into sleep, locked tight in the comfort of his boyfriend's arms and chest and stomach, when, quietly, Hoseok begins.

“Jimin kicked Yoongi out,” Hoseok's lips spell out where they're pressed tight on the nape of his neck. “Yoongi's been talking to me for...’bout a month, now? Wanted advice on how to do it.”

“Do what?”

“How to tell Jimin that he’s not in love with him anymore.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

And something about that just doesn’t sit quite right in Jungkook’s gut. To harbor a secret of that magnitude from your significant other for weeks at a time...

(What he will not admit, is how he sees this very same situation reflected back at him every time Hoseok averts his gaze, avoids his questions, stays out late at the dance studio. How his boyfriend will speak in riddles and open sentences and bend over backwards for explanations Jungkook doesn’t even think to ask for.

Like he’s got something to hide.)

“...You...You’d tell me if that happened with us, right, hyung?”  
Jungkook twists around in the arms that hold him, wriggling and writhing until he’s nose-to-nose with Hoseok. “You’d tell me anything, right?”

Instead of verbal acknowledgement, Hoseok crashes his lips onto Jungkook’s without warning.

The pace is something...unfamiliar. Fast and harried and rough, even though they’re in the comfort of their own bed, and they’ve got *hours* to burn on each other. With each swipe of Hoseok’s tongue, Jungkook

feels something being tugged out from him through the roof of this mouth, or the backs of his incisors, or wherever else Hoseok licks inside of him. The pressure against his lips is so hard, so dizzying and distracting that, suddenly, Jungkook doesn't feel like talking anymore.

He feels more than just a tad bit childish whenever he thinks these things, but sometimes...he thinks that Hoseok has otherworldly pheromones. Sometimes he thinks that they - as a pair - were slated by God to have their fates intertwine with one another's; that Hoseok can only affect him this way because it's *him*, and he can only *be* affected by Hoseok this way because *it's him*.

It's a little hard to not fall just a little bit deeper in love every time they kiss. Jungkook, for the life of him, cannot explain the wave of emotions that overtake him when their lips touch, when their noses bump, when Hoseok's thumb begins to pleasure the small of his back in strokes that make him squirm, when he's wriggling and writhing against the lithe arms that cage him in.

"Baby," Hoseok whispers, a faceless, sensual hum in the pitch-black of their bedroom. "We should really go to sleep, now."

Jungkook snatches his boyfriend's hand from where it's clenching his hip bone and drags it down, down, down to the front of his boxers, pushing it *hard* against the half-mast tent there and grinding up against Hoseok's calloused palm. "Yeah. We really, really should."

"Mm." Fingers crawl their way up and past the waistband, dipping inside the cotton fabric and gripping tight around his shaft. All Jungkook has to do is hiss a sharp intake of breath and Hoseok quickly removes his hand to bring it up to Jungkook's mouth. "Spit," he commands, humming in satisfaction when Jungkook does as he's told. He moves his hand back down, now somewhat lubricated, and returns to the task of fisting up and down Jungkook's length in long, languid strokes.

“Ah,” he cries into Hoseok’s neck, clutching onto his boyfriend’s shoulders for dear life. “Oh, *Hobi*. ‘S good, so good...”

“Yeah?”

“*Yeah*. Want more, *Hobi*.”

There’s a second of hesitance in which the hand on him slows down and he knows what Hoseok is thinking. He’s not so far down the rabbit hole yet that he can’t think clearly, can’t think logically and connect things in his brain and have his synapses functioning the way they’re supposed to.

Jungkook *knows* what Hoseok is thinking.

Jungkook is thinking the same thing, after all.

They are both thinking about the fact that somebody is laying down in the bedroom adjacent to theirs, the only thing separating them being the paper-thin walls of the cheap apartment. And the big deal is less about the reason that it’s *somebody* and more about how it’s *Yoongi*.

For some reason, this makes Jungkook all the more desperate.

“I’ll be quiet,” he begs, “please, Hoseok.”

Hoseok is silent, but his fingers dig into his hip bone just *that* much

harder. "Again. Say it again, Jungkook."

"Please, Hoseok. I'll be quiet. I'll be good."

"Do you even want to be?"

*What?*

"What's got you all worked up tonight, baby, hm? Tell me what it is." Hoseok begins to stroke up and down his shaft again, stopping for seconds at a time to pull back his foreskin and fiddle with the sensitive area just under his head before sliding back down and starting all over again. The sinful rhythm makes Jungkook *sing* his heart out, and it's beginning to be a bit much for the muffling powers of Hoseok's shoulder.

"I don't - don't know what you mean - *unf, Hobi...*"

He chuckles in Jungkook's ear, low and dark. "Come on now, Kookie. Don't play coy. You're so hard, you're practically purple. And you're being *loud*, tonight -" here, Hoseok squeezes particularly hard on his length, and a keen bursts free from Jungkook's throat, "almost like you're putting on a show. You like when people watch and listen, don't you? You like the attention, right?"

Suddenly, all touch is pulled away. Jungkook startles and immediately reaches out to Hoseok because *what the fuck, why*, but he's shushed gently and placated with a soothing stroke of his bangs. Hoseok's other hand pulls open their nightstand and rummages through the mess before locating the lube. He closes the drawer with a bang of his wrist and uses his thumb to pop open the cap of the travel-sized bottle.

The gaze he stares down at Jungkook with makes the boy flush from head to toe, tingly with excitement.

“Take off your shorts and turn over,” Hoseok murmurs, and Jungkook obeys.

The squelch of the lube squirting onto Hoseok’s fingers should be cringe-inducing, but it only serves to rile him up even further. It has him digging his knees into the mattress to prop his ass up, wiggling it in impatience. Jungkook *thinks* he’s being cute, he *thinks* he’s going to get what he wants, but the only contact he comes into with Hoseok’s fingers is a curt slap on his ass.

“*Hobi...*” he whines into the pillow, indignantly crossing his arms above his head.

“I thought you were gonna be good, Jungkook. After all, we have a guest. Don’t you want to leave a nice impression?”

Jungkook freezes, moving only to shiver when the first finger breaches his hole.

“Aw, gettin’ all shy on me now because I hit the nail on its head, huh? You like other people knowing when you’re about to get *fucked*. Don’t pretend to be good for Hyung, he already knows.”

“*God,*” Jungkook chokes on air. It’s too much, it’s all too much - it’s overwhelming in all the right ways; he feels a blanket of unadulterated heat lay itself heavy onto his body as soon as Hoseok purred the last word to his filthy sentence, rendering Jungkook speech and motionless, at the complete mercy of the finger relentlessly

prodding and thrusting and *moving* inside of him.

When Hoseok pulls out only to add a second, Jungkook begins to feel the familiar tugging at his conscience, a slight tinge to the margins of his vision and a slurred filter on his speech - his rational mind begins to slow to molasses with each drag against his walls, and the filth being whispered into his ear certainly is not helping.

(Jungkook doesn't know what to call it - the odd headspace he's thrown into sometimes, when it's him and Hoseok, a dark bedroom, dark eyes, dark laughter. It's similar to when his mind wanders off into the faraway place where only he and Hoseok exist and he's being taken care of, only this time they're both naked and all Jungkook can or *wants* to do is drool all over himself, and let the experience wash over him like a bath of warm water. There are no words, no rational behavior, no making sense of anything: there is only them two, and the electric connection that sparks between them.)

"Let him hear you, baby," Hoseok breathes when he notices the tight hold Jungkook's teeth have on his bottom lip. "We both know you want to."

"But he's - *mmph*... sleeping..."

"You think he's asleep, Jungkookie? No way would he miss this for the world, bun. Come on. Hyung wants to hear you." And then he pushes three fingers past his ring of tight muscle and Jungkook couldn't be quiet even if he wanted to. He moans, long and low, and attempts to shove his fingers into his mouth to muffle the sound, but is thwarted when Hoseok scoops up his wrists and pins them to the headboard with his free hand.

The burn is *delicious*; they hurried through prep careful enough to make sure Jungkook is properly stretched, but fast enough that each

addition leaves him with a slight sting which *kind of* sates the masochistic flames that surge wild and untamed in his belly, but not quite - he needs *more*, he needs-

“Your cock, Hobi, *oh, God, please*. Y-your cock.”

“*You always beg so pretty*,” Hoseok mumbles, removing his fingers to squirt more lube onto his cock once he’s removed his shorts, and then on Jungkook’s hole. He likes it wet and messy, and Jungkook has never had a reason to complain.

As he pushes in, Jungkook stops breathing for - what he is convinced to be - at least a full minute. His eyes go crossy and his lips pop open into this perfect *O* shape, and he is suddenly reminded that it’s been, at the minimum, a good two weeks since they’ve fucked properly. Midterms plagued their holiday season and, in extension, so did countless hours of studying. The last time he can remember getting frisky was a rushed handjob in the kitchen last Thursday before Hoseok had to get to his afternoon lecture.

Maybe this is why he feels extra sensitive tonight, the hairs on the nape of his neck standing at attention and sparks seeming to fly from where Hoseok’s hips slam into his ass. It’s filthy, the crude slapping of skin against skin, the panting, the whining, but Jungkook *adores* it. He adores the way Hoseok’s grunts are more animal than human, he adores the way his fingers leave bruises in the crook between his thigh and his hip, and he adores the way that Hoseok loves it all just as much as he does.

“Feel so good, Jungkookie, fuh - fuck...Come on, baby, let Hyung know how good you feel.”

“*Hyung*,” he whimpers, and he can’t help the tear that escapes his clenched lids.



Hoseok leans down, chest pressed tight against his back, and whispers into his ear as his hips slow from their piston and into an intense, sensual grind. “There’s no way he can’t hear you, y’know.”

“Nng...”

“But you love it. You never wanted to be quiet in the first place, did you?” Arms snake around to the front of his abdomen; one trailing northwards to fondle at a nipple, ripping a keen from his spasming throat, and the other slithering downwards to grip at his weeping cock.

Jungkook *wails*.

“That’s it,” Hoseok coos, jerking him off in time to his thrusts, speeding up again to pound into the tight heat of Jungkook’s ass, “C’mon, let me hear it. Let *him* hear it.”

“Close,” he gasps as his hands scrabble against the bedsheets, “*Hobi, hobi, ‘m so close-*”

“I bet he’s touching himself right now, listening to you. You sound so beautiful, Jungkookie. I’m sure Hyung thinks so, too.”

He comes with the yelp of a wounded animal, spurting out over the ridges of Hoseok’s hands and his tummy and chest and the sweat soaked sheets below him.

*I’m sure Hyung thinks so, too, I’m sure Hyung thinks so, too, I’m sure*

*Hyung thinks so, too* is all that plays on Jungkook's mind, on rapid repeat without a pause or stutter, continuously on loop so loud that it drowns out the pain of the overstimulation when Hoseok keeps jerking his cock even after he's been milked dry; it blocks out the ache that echoes through his bones when Hoseok keeps pounding and pounding and *pounding*, desperately chasing his own relief; and it even overshadows the groan Hoseok gives when he pulls out, just to spill out over Jungkook's quaking back.

All of this is background noise to the mental image of Yoongi, flat on his back, fistfucking his cock to thoughts and images and sounds of Jungkook.

(Or maybe it's something softer - just the insinuation of Yoongi thinking about Jungkook at all, in any context, let alone one that's not even inherently sexual.

Does Yoongi think he's beautiful? Does Yoongi think about him? Does Yoongi stay up late, like Jungkook does, staring at his ceiling as he thinks about Jungkook? Does Yoongi wonder if he ate that day? Does Yoongi wish he knew?

Does Yoongi think about Jungkook like how Jungkook thinks about Yoongi?

Does Yoongi think he's beautiful?)

*I'm sure Hyung thinks so, too.* Jungkook rolls over after Hoseok flops down beside him, mindless of the drying spunk at the base of his spine.

*I'm sure Hyung thinks so, too.* He is pulled backwards into Hoseok's arms and his boyfriend snuggles into the nape of his neck, breathing

in the familiar scent of musk and sweat and all things inherently Jungkook.

*I'm sure Hyung thinks so, too.* "G'night, Kookie. Love you."

*I'm sure Hyung thinks so, too.* "I love you," Jungkook whispers, eyes wide and glossy, staring straight, unblinkingly ahead into the wall that separates the main bedroom and the guest.

## Chapter End Notes

i told myself never again would i do a multichap but, well. Here I Am.

chapters might be a lil short, but updates will be faster this way~

come yell @ me on [tumblr](#) !!!!! or [twitter](#) !!!!

# Friendly Reminder

## Chapter Summary

In which Jungkook gets a wake-up call, in more ways than one.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Jungkook awakes, it is to stifling heat and light in his eyes. It only takes a moment of shuffling to gather that the heat is from Hoseok's lumbering limbs wrapped koala-like around him, and the light is actually slivers of sun slicing through the blinds. He tolerates it all for another five seconds, before deciding that it's a bit too claustrophobic to be entirely comfortable. A quick glance at the clock perpendicular to his nose tells him that he's due to get up in ten minutes, anyways, so he might as well get it over with and begin the day.

As soon as he straightens up, he realizes he's made a grave mistake.

Hoseok really went to town on him last night. The dull yet insistent ache in his lower back is prompt to remind him of that - remind him how sharp the slap of skin against skin echoed in their bedroom, the way his wrists were pinned tight to the headboard, and Hoseok's words... *God*, his words...

Thoughts of their dialogue suddenly flood his mind, in pouring through a hole in his conscience and self-control; it's too early for Jungkook to monitor his own thoughts and before he can help it, he's replaying every piece of filth his foggy mind can manage to dredge up from the trenches of his half-awake brain.

*Let Hyung know how good you feel.*

*There's no way he can't hear you, y'know.*

*I'm sure Hyung thinks so, too.*

Jungkook misses a step on the way to the door, and careens his already sore tailbone straight onto the wooden floor.

*"Fuck,"* he hisses, face burning as he scrambles to collect himself. He's acting childish - like a middle schooler with a crush, like some kid who has no control over himself, or his emotions, or his desires. He is better than this. He will *not* make a fool of himself.

After all, it was just dirty talk. Right? Hoseok didn't mean it. They both have a particularly inappropriate affinity for exhibitionism, and being subjected to peeping toms and prying ears - Yoongi just happened to unwittingly volunteer himself for their antics that night. There's no way Hoseok meant it as anything more than just a catalyst, something to expedite the process. No strings attached. A purely adult transaction of dirty talk in exchange for pleasure.

He really needs to get with the program.

There is no way it meant anything to his boyfriend. Yoongi is his *best friend*, for Christ's sake. That would - that would be weird. That would be weird and unfamiliar and uncharted territory and Jungkook will not even entertain the idea for longer than it flits through the overhead pass of his psyche.

(What he *needs* to do is stop entertaining any ideas at all. Needs to start to make progress on getting over whatever the hell it is he has for Yoongi. Needs to stop choking on his spit and tripping over air and overheating in a T-shirt and shorts whenever Yoongi is near.

He needs to get it together.)

With a newfound sense of determination, Jungkook squares his shoulders and snatches up the doorknob. He's going to go into the kitchen and make some coffee with the fancy machine his parents bought him and Hoseok for Valentine's last year - (the one that he never uses because all it makes is bitter dark roast and all Jungkook ever drinks are sugary Frappuccinos) - and he's going to sit at the counter and sip on it and gather his thoughts and prepare himself for facing Yoongi when the time comes. It's early enough that nobody sane should be up and Jungkook plans to take full advantage of this. He will be undisturbed in the serenity of their kitchen, bathed in a halo of early-morning sunlight. It will be good, and relaxing, and therapeutic, and he will be able to get his life back together.

Jungkook opens the door, and strides into their open-concept living room cum kitchen.

"Oh, morning, Jungkook. Didn't think you'd be up so early."

*Yoongi.*

In all of his ruffly-haired, puffy-eyed, swollen-lipped glory. Pajama shirt hanging halfway off of his shoulder, exposing his (almost worryingly) deep collar bones, speckled with moles and freckles like an endless expanse of vanilla bean ice cream. If he dares to drag his gaze upwards, Jungkook will find charmingly chatoyant eyes ringed with streaks of black and blue, shining almost teasingly at him.

The air leaves Jungkook's lungs in one big *whoosh* sound.

And he knows he must be just standing there, frozen like an idiot, but he's kind of having an out of body experience right now.

Okay, so this is a minor setback in the plan. Instead of having time to himself to figure out how to get over his crush on Yoongi, he's being confronted, head-on, by his hugely unbelievably enormously big crush that just tripled in size. At, like, seven-thirty in the morning.

He can do this.

"Hey, Hyung," he murmurs, making his way over to the cupboards, hands in desperate search of something to do besides pick at themselves out of nerves.

Yoongi is already sat at the table as he nurses a cup of coffee, gaze not leaving whatever he's scrolling through on his phone; the disinterested, nonchalant air he exudes lulls Jungkook into a faint sense of security. Maybe things will go smoothly. Maybe it won't be awkward. Yoongi is relaxed and calm and cool and collected - there's no reason for Jungkook not to be.

Right?

"How'd you sleep last night? I slept *fantastic*."

Wrong.

Jungkook bangs his head on the bottom of the cabinet, the collision like a gunshot both in sensation and sound.

At first, hotshame settles on the back of his neck and across his cheeks and down the front of his shirt and splayed wide over his chest like an ugly sunburn. “Mortified” is an understatement - Jungkook is about ready to keel over out of embarrassment and guilt - he kept Yoongi up with *sex noises* of all things, after he’d gotten kicked out of his apartment by his boyfriend of two years. Not quite what most would consider the best form of hospitality.

And Jungkook is about to turn around and apologize profusely, face perpendicular to the floor in a ninety degree bow just so he doesn’t have to maintain eye contact, but when he pivots to do just that, he finds the humiliation in his chest increase tenfold.

On Yoongi’s face sits the widest, laziest smirk he’s ever seen.

Yoongi is *teasing* him.

It’s not even that he’s mad - Jungkook isn’t familiar with him on a personal level, so his estimations might be off, but Yoongi seems like the type of person to be unapologetic about his anger. If Yoongi was really mad, Jungkook would *know*.

Instead, Yoongi is reclining in his seat, sipping - lackadaisical - at his mug of coffee, shooting him the biggest shit-eating grin that he can muster, clearly enjoying the way heat blooms in his cheeks and leak out to spread to the rest of his body, painting him a gentle petal pink.

“I - I slept. Okay. Fine. I was pretty, um tired. Last night.” Jungkook gingerly rubs at the knot forming on his scalp as he begins to fiddle with the coffee machine’s fancy stained steel buttons. (He should really make a mental note to ask Hoseok how this thing works.)

“Oh, I bet. You must get up to some *serious* physical activity -”



A loud *BZZZT!* shocks the early morning quiet of the kitchen as Jungkook's finger lands on a random button. So that wasn't the one to get it to turn on, then.

"With triceps like that, I'm sure you'd have no problem -"

This time, it's a tinkling chime that the machine emits, the mini-screen on the front a cute display of pixels greeting him a good morning and asking what size cup he'd like.

"...You -"

Jungkook presses a button without looking, and puts his mug underneath the spout to the accompaniment of a high pitched beep that lasts several long seconds; long enough to keep the rest of Yoongi's sentence in his mouth and away from Jungkook's flaming red ears. It's not long before a few clicks sound, and then a steady stream of coffee begins to pour into his cup, the low hiss something comforting to his frazzled brain. A furtive glance to the stove clock lets him know that it's just a bit before eight o'clock in the morning - entirely too early to be dealing with this.

(He just thanks whatever gods are listening that he hadn't walked out of the room with morning wood.)

When the coffee is done brewing, he clicks the power button again to shut it down, swiping his mug from underneath the spout and pursing his lips to blow gently atop the brim. It smells...rich, and hearty. Earthy and warm and full and dark, and he doesn't know *why* it smells so good to him, why his eyes are slipping closed and his mouth is parting and a surprised flush cracks across the bridge of his nose; this reaction puzzles him, until he connects the dots and realizes that

Yoongi's natural scent is black coffee. A dark morning roast, to be exact, not yet tampered with or creamed or sugared - the integrity left untouched, its dark cherry wood pallor unmarred and deep in color.

He knows that if he takes a sip of it without any additives, he will gag and spit it right back up - he is too accustomed to the sugary drinks topped with caramel or chocolate drizzle he usually gets, but.

But.

Something is telling him to just drink it, no sugar, no whipped cream, no drizzle. It is warm and comforting in his hands, radiating a sense of *home* against his palms, and despite the fact that he *knows* it's going to sting his taste buds, he sips it anyways.

"So, Yoongi-ssi - *Hyung*," he hastily corrects himself as he makes his way over to the table and pulls out a chair to sit across from Yoongi, "what's on your agenda today?"

It still feels so surreal - sitting in front of the man he used to watch from the safety of a booth in the back of their coffee shop, anxiously flitting his gaze away when he felt that he could've gotten caught in the act. At one point in time (that was literally last weekend, mind you) Jungkook was peering at Yoongi from yards away, in awe of the slope of the older man's shoulders, the gentle curve of his lips, the deep-set button of his nose, the chatoyant glimmer of his eyes. And now, he sits with him, still enjoying an early morning cup of coffee - but this time, he is not mere yards away, but *feet*. If he wanted to, Jungkook could reach out and run his fingers through the bleach-damaged locks of Yoongi's hair. He could let his fingers trail down and swipe over the chapped slope of his bottom lip and let his thumb rub it raw.

Jungkook is close enough to *touch* Yoongi, and this fact has him

fidgiting, nervous, like a child on the first day of Kindergarten.

“Ah, actually, I’ve gotta go back to the apartment soon before Jimin leaves for his nine o’clock lecture...”

“*What*, why? Why would you wanna go back *there*, Hyung?”

“Well...I left about half of my recording stuff in my bedroom, kiddo. Kinda need that - and, hey, don’t gimme that look. Jimin’s probably calmed down from last night - he just gets real angry in the moment, yeah? But he’ll come around. It’ll be good for us to talk, anyways.”

Something about Yoongi going to talk with Jimin rubs Jungkook the wrong way, which is weird, because it’s not like Jungkook is entitled to an opinion about how Yoongi manages his love life, it’s not like Jungkook is entitled to an opinion or place in Yoongi’s love life at *all* -

Just. The thought. Of Yoongi going back there, maybe hugging Jimin, maybe - maybe kissing him, and apologizing, the two of them making up...

Jungkook takes another sip of his (still very black) coffee, and tries valiantly to tamp down the grimace that his face automatically wants to contort into. “Oh. Yeah. Um, I hope it goes well.”

“Thanks, Jungkook. Hey, I should probably go and get ready before it gets too late...”

“Yeah! Of course! Don’t let me keep you!”

The gentle grin that Yoongi shoots him is different from the teasing one from earlier - this smile is fuzzy and warm around the edges, which is exactly how it makes Jungkook feel. Somewhere in the back of his head a cheesy Kdrama OST is playing, and only intensifies when Yoongi ruffles his bed head as he gets up to retreat back to his room, probably to shower and dress.

He can still feel the gentle touch echoing in his mind long after Yoongi's left the kitchen. He sits there - for how long, he can't say - thinking about how it felt to have those fingers running through his hair, light and soft and kind and *good*.

The gesture sets up a false sense of security. Jungkook is completely content in his own headspace, high in the clouds, unaware of what's going on around him, until sometime later, Hoseok enters the kitchen.

He's immediately socked in the gut by pure, unadulterated guilt. To think that he'd revel in another man's touch so unabashedly, no shame in sight, while his boyfriend is in the other room. His boyfriend of three years. His boyfriend of three years who loves him to death, to hell and back, to the ends of the earth, who would do *anything* for him if he just asked.

(His boyfriend of three years whose touches have been fleeting as of late, who has been flinching away, whose eyes shy away from him; but Jungkook does not think about this when the sun is shining through the windowpanes and the birds chirp from their perch in the trees.

No, it's much too early.

So Jungkook tucks these worries back into their allotted cubby in the rear of his mind, and he will decide to pull them out later, in the dead of night, to ruminate over while he's swaddled in the stifling embrace

of Hoseok's arms.)

Hoseok is shirtless, pajama pants crooked on his bony hips, and he brandishes Jungkook's phone, which appears to be ringing. The caller ID on the screen tells him that it's his mother, and Jungkook nods gratefully at his boyfriend before grabbing the phone from him and swiping his thumb to the right, picking up the call.

"Mom?"

"Hi, honey! Sorry I'm ringing you so early, just wanted to get this in before work really starts up, you know?"

"Get...get what in?" And *that's* what gives Jungkook pause. Jungkook's parents take their profession very seriously - it's what has been able to provide for him and his brother since a very young age - it's what has been able to pay for the ridiculously nice apartment he and Hoseok share, and it's what makes Mr. and Mrs. Jeon who they are; powerful partners in business, the owners of the top chain grocery store in the nation.

Because of all of this, it's rare to hear from his parents before working hours. They take their business seriously, and like to head into it with a clear mind and the little co-CEO button in their brains flipped on. Talking to their children will "interrupt the flow," as they have put it before.

(Jungkook doesn't know whether or not to be hurt by the fact that his parents view him as a distraction from their work.)

"Oh, sweetheart, I hate for it to come up like this, but your father and I really didn't know how else to go about it, and we've been wanting to talk about this for weeks."

Now he's nervous.

"Talking about *what*, Mom?"

"You know... we can't keep paying your bills forever, doll."

Jungkook sets his mug down, and somewhere between Yoongi leaving the kitchen and Hoseok coming in, it grew cold to the touch, anyways. "I - what do you mean...?"

"What I *mean* is that it's time for you to learn how to support yourself. Hoseok already has a job, yes? He pays for the utilities, so I'm hoping he does?"

A furtive glance cast upwards to Hoseok's face only reflects the same emotions back unto him - confusion, worry, concern.

Fear.

"Yeah, Mom, Hoseok works. Remember the guy we hired to train Cloud? Hoseok is an assistant trainer under that guy's company."

"Ooh, that's excellent! Bet he gets a decent salary. Anyways, what have *you* thought about doing to enter the workforce? I know you're still focusing on your studies, angel, but you're eventually going to need to start being proactive about these things. You didn't think you could live off of Mommy and Daddy forever, did you?"

“N-no, I didn’t think that at...I didn’t think that at all, Mom -”

“Well, I’m glad, because we’re going to stop paying your rent in three month’s time. Get a job, get roommates, move somewhere less expensive, do *something* that will prepare you for real-world living, Jungkook. Now, I’ve got to go, I’ve just parked in front of the building and I’m about to go in. Enjoy your Sunday, alright, bunny? We can discuss more tonight when your father and I get home, okay? Love you. Talk soon.”

Before Jungkook can get a word in, the line cuts dead and he’s left there, hand frozen, phone still pressed to his ear as the dial tone rings flat and monotonous against the supple skin of his cheek.

Hoseok is grimacing from where he leans on the counter with his arms crossed over his bare chest. “You alright? What did she say, Kookie?”

“My. My parents said they won’t be paying our rent anymore. After the next three months.”

And it sounds so *spoilt* when it comes out of his mouth, shell shocked and surprised and a little hurt. Jungkook is well aware that he’s lucky to have the parents that he does - it has brought him countless opportunities that he has no doubt he wouldn’t have had access to if his parents weren’t who they are. He will *always* be thankful for how much they’ve done for him, how much they do for him.

But.

Something about the way she’d said it...

*You didn't think you could live off of Mommy and Daddy forever, did you?*

Did... did Jungkook really give off that impression? Had he been presumptuous to think that they would pay at least until he was finished with his studies?

Was he an ungrateful son?

Jungkook barely registers the low “*Oh, baby*” Hoseok murmurs before there are warm arms around him and his head is being pushed into Hoseok’s heartbeat. He doesn’t even realize there’s wetness on his cheeks until it’s pressed into his skin by the force of how tightly Hoseok hugs him, gently rocking him back and forth to the rhythm of his steady breath.

“It’s okay,” he hums, low and soothing and kind, “we’ll manage. It’s okay, baby, we’ll manage.”

*Do you think I'm ungrateful?*

*Do you think I'm spoiled?*

*Do you think I'm greedy?*

He wants to ask.

But Jungkook says none of this.



## Chapter End Notes

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# Movie Night

## Chapter Summary

And with Min Yoongi comes emotional compromise at the worst possible times, as Jungkook has come to learn.

They have the conversation that night, to the soothing backdrop of Seoul's ever-thriving nightlife traffic. Jungkook sits curled next to Hoseok in their favorite loveseat with a mug of something warm in his hands, Yoongi across from them with his eyebrows drawn and his lips pursed into pout.

Surprising them both, he begins to speak first. "Look, you guys. I just need two weeks tops to figure out where I'm gonna go. I don't mean to impose. I met up with Namjoon today, anyways, and I can probably stay with him for a while if being here is too -"

*"No!"*

Both Hoseok and Yoongi's heads snap towards Jungkook; the expressions that paint their faces are almost as surprised as he feels. He doesn't recall giving his mouth permission to open, but, well. It's been a long day. From the phone call that morning with his mother, to figuring out what they were going to do about rent, before ultimately deciding on a plan that had him fraught with tension for hours...

Yeah. It's been a long day.

"...I mean," Jungkook continues after a moment, clearing his throat and sitting up properly in his seat, "that won't - that won't be necessary, Yoongi-hyung. Actually...um...we were wondering if you would be open to moving in with us? For the foreseeable future."

And thank *God* Hoseok takes the reins from there, because Jungkook *still* isn't quite used to prolonged periods of eye contact with Min Yoongi - prolonged periods being any amount of time over the few fleeting seconds it takes to avert his gaze, obviously.

"Long story short, we're in need of a roommate, anyways, and this entire situation just seems too convenient to take for granted. Hyung, you still work at that record shop, right?"

Yoongi looks floored by the turn the conversation has taken, if the way his eyebrows shoot up are anything to go by. "Yeah, I do."

"Right. I'm still doin' the assistant trainer thing, and Kook's gonna start job searching, too. Between the three of us, rent should be manageable. Assuming that you - your answer is yes? You'll move in?"

The look that flashes in Yoongi's eyes is unreadable. Over the months, Jungkook had grown accustomed to interpreting the different ways light would dance in those eyes, and the meaning behind the way his lashes fluttered in surprise, how the corners pinched tight together in worry, the glossy quality his pupils took on when he was lost in thought.

Jungkook has never seen this look before.

If he had to guess, it would be something close to...concern? Anticipation? It's hard to pinpoint, especially in the muted light of the living room after the sun has long since set. But whatever it is, it's causing Yoongi to bite his tongue, pick at the rips in his jeans just like he had when he was on the couch talking to Hoseok the night he'd shown up at their doorstep. It makes the already tumultuous waves in Jungkook's stomach roll harder, and he can feel the hair on the nape of Hoseok's neck stand at attention, bristled and waiting.

“...I just don’t want it to be weird,” Yoongi confesses, finally. “You guys have been together longer than me and Jiminie were, and -”

“It won’t be weird.”

Hoseok has his hand on Yoongi’s knee and from the pale pallor of his knuckles, his grip is heavy and tight. Looking onto the scene, there seems to be an electrical charge where Hoseok and Yoongi’s gazes meet each other, and Jungkook feels chilled to the bone at the intensity of the level of intimacy. It’s moments like these where he remembers that Hoseok and Yoongi were friends for longer than Jungkook had even known Hoseok; the pair had gone to the same high school, and even sent in their college applications together when it was time to move onto bigger, broader horizons.

It’s not hard to see how strong their bond is, not when Hoseok is looking at Yoongi like he wants to strangle him alive at the very *notion* that he wouldn’t be welcome in his home.

“It won’t be weird, Yoongs,” he repeats, softer, squeezing once at his knee. “You are always welcome here. Always.”

Jungkook knows this next look.

It’s the one Yoongi has when he orders one of the frilly Frappuccinos off of the cafe’s sugary-sweet menu every once in a while, and he sits underneath the windowsill in a booth just shy of the very back of the store, and he doesn’t crack open his laptop once; just sits there, basking in the light of the mid morning sun, with his earbuds playing something Jungkook imagines to be soft, eyes shut and mouth lax, swaying to the beat.

“Thanks.” Yoongi clutches the hand at his knee and, all of a sudden, Jungkook is overcome by an emotion he has yet to put a name on. Or, rather - a swell of emotions. The tightness in his chest only gets stronger as he feels Yoongi’s appreciative gaze wash over not only Hoseok, but Jungkook as well, and the clasp of his own hand by way of Hoseok’s leads Jungkook to make the Executive Decision that he’s not dealing with whatever he’s feeling right now.

Which only proves futile in the end; because from that point onwards, Min Yoongi can’t seem to stay out of his life. And with Min Yoongi comes emotional compromise at the worst possible times, as Jungkook has come to learn.

Things start out small, with the two of them sitting together at the cafe instead of Jungkook admiring him from afar. They order their drinks together (Jungkook convinces him to order off of the sugary menu more often) and sit underneath Yoongi’s favorite window, the one only a few paces away from one of the speakers that litter the cherry wooden framework of the ceiling. When Jungkook asks him why, Yoongi admits that his patronage has been won by their music selection, and from that, Jungkook feels himself fall deeper.

It doesn’t help that they go together around ten, when the sun is at its peak for the morning, and the light refracts off of Yoongi’s pupils in a way that Jungkook associates with the reverence one feels for the beautiful stained glass mosaics that decorate church windows. Sometimes, Jungkook will find himself unable to provide an answer to Yoongi’s tentative questions, asked when Jungkook’s face slips into something more lax and he loses himself, head propped up against the heel of his hand, drinking in the sight before him - Frappuccino mushy and long forgotten.

Afterwards, Yoongi will walk him to class, even though their schedules don’t align and he could *technically* go home after the cafe outing, which they also don’t have to do, either. Jungkook likes to think that Yoongi enjoys the time they spend together as much as he does, as much as he enjoys the time he spends together with Hoseok - as much as they both enjoy the time they spend together with Hoseok.

It's a trap his mind gets entangled in all too easily, thinking about how the three of them fit together; and, oddly, how Jungkook fits into the long-standing relationship Hoseok and Yoongi share. The first time Jungkook reflects on this, he's surprised to find not jealousy in his heart, but an odd sensation of bereftness.

(He ignores it, obviously.)

Jungkook will walk home from class, and find himself greeted by dim, empty rooms that hold only echoes of their inhabitants. Privately, Jungkook had hoped that a new addition to the house might bring him some more company for the times when Hoseok is out and about, but he felt his cheeks burn hot with discomfiture when he had learned that Yoongi works as well.

(Of course he works, why *wouldn't* he work. He is a capable, experienced adult who is going to be graduating this year, *why wouldn't he work* - )

He takes this time to flip through the newspapers he picks up on the walk home, to scour through Google's location-based services, and hunt for a place that would be willing to employ a twenty-something-year-old student with no prior experience in any field. It's going great.

At around five or so is when Hoseok comes home. An hour later, so does Yoongi. But the period in between the two arrivals is what puzzles him the most - the hour long limbo they spend together is a time spent like it's trying to make up for all of the averted glances, awkward silences, nights spent sleeping back to back. Hoseok will grab Jungkook by the waist and pull him in for a heated, passionate kiss; nothing like the tepid pecks he hastily throws out when he's rushing out of the door in the morning.

In their little bubble of time, it feels like only they exist - even the

ever-present background noise of traffic seems to fade away when Hoseok takes him into his arms, into their bed. Little kisses are littered down his spine with *I'm sorry* interwoven between the dips of his vertebrae and the chapped plush of Hoseok's lips. Jungkook keeps count of those kisses so later that night, when they are both in bed - in a decidedly *different* way - he will bring them all individually back up to the surface of his skin; he will recall how they felt as they were scattered along the blades of his shoulders, the dimples at the base of his back, the queer little heart shaped mole atop the crest of his ass. Jungkook will let himself ruminate in the ghost of Hoseok's touch until he falls asleep, curled around himself.

But that is for later. When Yoongi gets home, instead of the atmosphere shifting to something charged, or awkward, the three of them simply enjoy each other's presence. Whether that configures itself in board games or cooking dinner together or watching variety television with tears in their eyes and cramps in their guts, somehow, it's for the better.

Hoseok will laugh just a little bit brighter. The bags underneath Yoongi's eyes seem to lighten up, just a little.

And Jungkook?

Before he can even blink, it seems that Yoongi has become a fixture in his everyday life. It's almost odd, now, just to see somebody he'd always come to regard with an awkward, anxious sort of hesitance now sitting in his living room, honking with laughter at a witty quip he'd just made.

He can most definitely get used to it, though.

;

“Hm. Joon’s hosting a movie night tonight.” Hoseok sounds troubled, and Jungkook feels the same way.

“For like...who, though?”

“Well, he sent it in the group chat.”

Ah, yes, the group chat the seven of them hadn’t dared to touch since Yoongi and Jimin’s split. Namjoon could be tactful, but it wasn’t always subtle. Certainly, this was a way to mend the drift that had fell upon their little group and cast them a ways away from each other. Instead of hanging out as a unit, factions seemed to crop up: Namjoon and Jin were closer these days, it appeared; Taehyung and Jimin were constantly updating their social media with pictures of outings together; and, of course, Yoongi had moved in with Hoseok and Jungkook.

(A small, secret part of Jungkook doesn’t feel all that bad about the split.)

“Do you think...?” But Jungkook doesn’t even need to finish his sentence; they’re both thinking the same thing.

Hoseok sighs, carelessly tossing his phone down on the couch beside him as he knocks his head back unto the cushion. “I don’t know if he’ll be up to go. Yoongi hasn’t talked to me about Jimin since he went to go and see the guy - things are either perfectly fine or disastrously bad, but fuck if I’ve got a clue. With him, it really could be either or.”



“Well, there’s only one way to find out. We should just ask h-”

It seems their hour together went by quicker than Jungkook had accounted for; the front door opens without much ceremony, but it still has him jumping out of his seat - due in part to the sudden *crack* of the doorknob colliding with the drywall, and as well as the uncanniness of it all.

Yoongi’s eyes sweep over them and, just like that, his lids narrow. A strange chill runs through Jungkook’s body as he feels himself being read like a book, his covers falling flat in Yoongi’s midst, pages bared and waiting.

“...Hey,” is what he settles on, after several potent beats. “What’s up?” His voice echoes from the closet as he goes to hang his coat up and shuffle his shoes off. He has a blank, calculated, casual face on when he emerges and shuts the door behind him, striding over to the kitchen, where he opens the fridge and takes out a soda.

This nonchalant manner isn’t something that Jungkook is unfamiliar with; whenever Yoongi wants to talk about something, he’ll act frustratingly mundane until either Jungkook or Hoseok approaches him first. And Hoseok - although he makes an effort to take directions of conversations and steer them to a productive place, will never initiate them if it involves something on the emotional side of difficult to discuss. Two months of living with the both of them has taught Jungkook that if he wants to start a dialogue, he’s gotta do it himself.

“So there’s a movie night and Joon’s place,” he begins, “everyone’s coming. It’s been a while since we’ve all hung out together, huh?”

He watches Yoongi’s eyes click in understanding a second before they

go flat again, and Jungkook breathes out an internal sigh of relief - this won't be as difficult as he and Hoseok had been anticipating. "Oh yeah?" Yoongi hums. "We should go, then. Wouldn't wanna miss out. I haven't seen Tae since I helped him out with his music theory class last semester - wonder how he's doing."

"Are you - are you sure?" And now Hoseok is sitting up straighter in his seat, clearing his throat awkwardly as he wrings his hands. "You know, we don't have to..."

"Look. I know what you're both thinking. You remember when I went to go and get my recording stuff from Jimin's place a couple months ago?"

Jungkook nods slowly and, next to him, feels Hoseok do the same.

"Well, we hashed it all out. It's not one hundred percent, but it's not bad, either. It might be a little awkward, but it would be wrong to let it keep the group of us from hangin' out together. Things'll go fine, yeah?"

Many times in his life, Jungkook has been told he was naïve. The first time it had been a new transfer kid that had begun attending his private performing arts high school for a measly two months - a kid who came from the outskirts of Busan, who carried the salt of the sea like lint in his pockets. They'd been paired up for a project, and the kid had told Jungkook just exactly what he thought of him when he hadn't done shit on any of their documents, or the final poster, leaving Jungkook to complete the entire project all by his lonesome. "*And you didn't even try to get me to help,*" was what he'd said as a parting remark, "*pathetic.*"

Next, it was his father. When Jungkook was in middle school, he'd asked - perhaps on the more foolish side of candid - if he'd be the one

to inherit the family company. His father had chuckled like he'd told him a joke.

Even Hoseok had cooed it at him when they'd first met. Jungkook had just come straight from one of his first art classes at the university, a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed freshman with a smattering of paint droplets across the bridge of his nose like cosmic freckles, water colors stained down the front of his white shirt like a mosaic and acrylics embedded into the fine denim threading of his designer jeans. He was wandering around campus, big map stretched out in front of him, broadcasting to anyone who may have passed by that he was completely and totally *lost*, trying desperately to find his way to his next class that was due to start in mere minutes. Hoseok, bless him, had taken pity on his poor soul, and directed him to the right building, though not without tweaking his nose and slipping him his number. It took him two weeks after the fact to realize that Hoseok had been flirting with him the entire time they'd talked.

And here Jungkook finds himself now, just as naïve as ever; he'd been under the impression that he could handle a small, low-stress kickback with Yoongi - and yet, he continues to amaze himself with just how well he manages to fuck up around the elder.

Things had been going fine up until this point, which is what makes it worse. As soon as all seven of them had collected in Namjoon's cramped-yet-cozy living room, it was like no time had passed and, more importantly, no disastrous break-up, either. Jimin looked a little ragged, but he'd still hugged Yoongi when he saw him, asked him how he's been, how's work, how's his thesis going. Jungkook tried his best to ignore the twinge in his belly when he saw how Yoongi's eyes lit up at how amiable Jimin was being - of *course* he was going to be happy that Jimin was talking to him, it was a good thing that they were functioning well around each other, and Jungkook's stupid, irrational, misplaced jealousy just had to find somewhere to fuck off for the evening.

But it seemed his heart was set on making an embarrassment of himself. After they'd decided on a the first movie to play - *Friend*, as

the majority had voted for - everyone settled on the couch and adjacent armchairs, comfy and ready for the play button to be selected.

And, really. Jungkook could have sat on the floor. It was a completely viable option, given that Namjoon's living room had only but a few seats, all of which had been taken up by the time he'd come out of the kitchen with the popcorn and the drinks. It was a bit unfair they hadn't waited for him before claiming seats on the couch and adjacent armchairs, and he was stuck without a spot of leather to have for his own.

Perhaps it's *his* fault for being so childish, for being naïve, for having a faulty filter, for having his reservoir of self control drained bone dry ever since Yoongi had showed up knocking on their door in the dead of night.

As known to most, Jungkook has a penchant for sitting in laps and - as known to Hoseok and only Hoseok - being bounced in them. It's just - it's soothing, alright? And maybe he's had one too many dreams about what it would feel to be seated atop thighs clad in worn, black jeans with the knees knocked out, bounced steadily and rocked to the rhythm of his heartbeat; maybe *that* is what has him plopping down unceremoniously onto Yoongi's lap, popcorn bowl held warm and comforting in his arms as he passes a coke to Hoseok, who is - of course - sitting right next to him.

There's a beat of silence that only exists between the three of them - everybody else is immersed in the action of the movie, and the only ones whose eyes aren't glued to the screen are Yoongi, Hoseok, and Jungkook.

Jungkook freezes exactly six seconds after he realizes what he's just done. Ass seated all too comfortably in the pocket between Yoongi's upper thighs and lower stomach, his back bracketed in by Yoongi's bigger, broader torso, Yoongi's warm breath coming in puffs against

the nape of his neck, *Yoongi, Yoongi, Yoongi*. He's almost so overwhelmed that he doesn't catch the look in Hoseok's eyes.

Key word: *almost*.

His boyfriend isn't the jealous type, he knows that. Hoseok has never had a problem with Jungkook going out to clubs dressed in things that would give his mother a heart attack. Hoseok has never gotten upset over other men (and women) hitting on Jungkook, even when Jungkook would tell him about it just to get a rise out of Hoseok, to see if his boyfriend would do anything other than shrug and chuckle. So Jungkook hasn't the *slightest* inkling why he's so scared for Hoseok's reaction, like Hoseok is about to raise Hell and highwater over Jungkook sitting in their best friend's lap.

(Something niggling and insistent in the back of his head tells him that, for some reason, the fact that Yoongi is involved in this equations *matters* - but, as usual, Jungkook ignores this.)

Yet with all that being said -

Hoseok isn't smiling, or snorting, or looking even faintly amused like how he usually is when Jungkook is up to his antics. He looks...uncomfortable? If that's what his fluttering lashes and peachy cheeks can be translated into? Jungkook feels Yoongi's hands slip easily onto the sides of his hips, and Hoseok takes such a long sip of his soda that the can makes an ugly sound between gurgling and slurping, alerting the entire room that its contents have now been emptied.

The main character on screen must have just said something funny, because Seokjin lets out a boisterous laugh and - just like that - the spell is broken. Hoseok drags his eyes away from Jungkook's and laughs along with him, even though Jungkook *knows* he wasn't paying

the slightest bit of attention to the screen and has no clue as to what he's honking over. Jungkook tries to laugh too, to at least put effort into giving the pretense that he's at least glanced at the television since the film has begun, but it's insincere, and Jungkook has never dealt well with insincerity. The lie - as small and pale as it may have been - makes him squirm uncomfortably for all of three beats before he remembers that he's on top of Yoongi's lap.

Well, more specifically, his groin.

*This* is the thought that puts the ribbon on top of the awful mistakes he's made tonight. Because now he can't get the imagery out of his head - his ass is right above Yoongi's...Yoongi. If he wanted to, Jungkook could swivel his lithe little hips and grind down until he felt a force bucking him back up, like he used to do with Hoseok after he'd come back all sweaty and charged up with energy energy waiting to be spent after dance practice, when he wanted to be a fey little *tease* -

Now, all it makes Jungkook do is wonder about how Yoongi would handle him. Would he whisper soft yet firm commands of encouragement into the shell of his ear like Hoseok? Or would he use his pianist's hands to dig into the ridges of Jungkook's hipbones and push him down *harder*, make his ass rub *right* up against his - *him*. Would he fall for Jungkook's saccharine, cloying eyes? Would he....would he punish Jungkook for even trying to seduce him? Oh, God, would Jungkook get *punished*....

"Um. Jungkook?"

The hushed whisper brushes right up against his helix piercing. It makes him shiver back into Yoongi's ribs, and he can only pray at this point that he isn't being too obvious. "Y-yes, Hyung?"

"Could you maybe...not? Move around so much?"

Jungkook doesn't know why it took him so long to feel the slight bump underneath him, or how tightly Yoongi's hands grip his hips that seem to shift on their own accord. Immediately, his face flushes, and he wills the bottom half of his body to just *chill*.

*Oh my God*, he thinks, mortified, resigned, *this is when and where I will die*.

"I'm...sorry. Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I - wow."

A small part of him isn't embarrassed, though. The same part that snarled at the embrace Jimin dragged Yoongi into earlier that evening now howls in satisfaction that *he* was the one who caused Yoongi to grow hard underneath *him*, to have his labored breath come in scorching puffs against the shell of his ear, to have his fingers digging into him like his life depended on it. For a few fleeting, glorious seconds, Jungkook wants to continue to swivel his hips downwards until Yoongi begins to thrust up back onto him. Jungkook wants to sit on top of his lap and make him cum in his jeans and walk around with the knowledge that *Jeon Jungkook* just had him ejaculating into his boxers like a teenager. Jungkook wants to act out, regardless of the repercussions.

But reality eventually finds him in the way that Hoseok turns his head towards their whispers, eyebrows quirked in a silent question.

*Is everything okay?*

No, Jungkook wants to answer, *I don't deserve your concern*, Jungkook wants to tell him.

Instead, he slips off of Yoongi's lap with a quiet, "*I have to go to the bathroom*" announced to the rest of the room. Everyone hums in assent, except Yoongi, who sits as still as a statue, a pillow now strategically placed over the tops of his thighs and covered with his trembling hands.

Even as he rushes into the bathroom, head down and neck burning red with shame, fingers clasped over the rising tent in his jeans, one thought rises above the foggy, jumbled murk of his thoughts.

*I did that to him.*

He decidedly feels a little less guilty, even if but for a moment.



# Awkward

## Chapter Summary

Movie night seems to have been a turning point.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Movie night seems to have been a turning point.

Hoseok's once only barely tolerable aloofness had grown and blossomed under the blue light of the television screen as he made direct eye contact with his boyfriend, who had been seated all too comfortably on Yoongi's lap. Looking back on it, Jungkook cringes - how obvious could he have been? How *stupid* did he have to be to plop down, right on top of Yoongi, when Hoseok was not even a foot away?

And Jungkook it's not like Jungkook hasn't *apologized*. Emotions have never been his forefront and, honestly, they've never been Hoseok's, either. But if one of them is going to try to breach a situation first, it's going to be Jungkook. He'd made sure Yoongi was out when he cornered Hoseok in the kitchen, apologizing lowly for his "*inappropriate behavior*." His cheeks were ablaze with hotshame and he could feel blood welling up from where he'd bitten through his bottom lip - and the worst part of it all is that he'd never gotten any closure. Hoseok had laughed it off, easy and breezy and light like sunshine; the bullshit laugh he gives to *everyone* when he doesn't want to deal with them - or, rather, the issue.

It was hurtful, Jungkook will admit. To be shrugged off by the one who's supposed to be at their most intimate with him. But he didn't press, because if he did, he knew it would only get worse - Hoseok would feel trapped, stifled by Jungkook's insistence and it would drive him to flee. The last thing Jungkook wants to do was push away his boyfriend, or make him uncomfortable.

What puzzles him the most, though, is that Hoseok isn't *angry* at him, he's not ignoring him out of spite. They've been through their fair share of rough patches. Jungkook knows what Hoseok's wrath looks like. It is cool and calculated avoidance, with no trace of warmth left in the hearth of their home. Hoseok will take the couch and leave for class or work in the morning without so much as a parting word.

But now, Hoseok still kisses him. There isn't a single inkling of animosity or resentment that Jungkook can pick up - and Jungkook considers himself fairly intuitive, mind you. His boyfriend still brings home little trinkets and candies that remind him of Jungkook, still spoons him tight and hot under the duvet at night, still fucks him good and proper.

(Actually, they've been having more sex the past few weeks than they have the past few *months*, which Jungkook can't explain, but hey. He's not complaining.)

When Hoseok caresses him, his fingertips leave trails of heat in their wake, hot and scorching with emotion that cannot be spoken aloud. When Hoseok kisses him, it's like he's trying to communicate everything he can't on a daily basis - almost like he's making up for all of Jungkook's doubts, Jungkook's insecurities, the apologies that stumble forth and past of Jungkook's lips before he can be quick enough to shove them back inside. His boyfriend isn't dumb, and *he* knows that *Jungkook* knows something is the matter. The only time they really breach the subject is during sex, and they communicate not with words, but with tongues and teeth and hands, animalistic and raw.

*I'm sorry* said in the way Hoseok laves his tongue over the freckles at the base of his spine.

*I love you* written in the script of Hoseok's nails as he drags them

down Jungkook's back, painting trails of inflamed red in their wake.

*You're beautiful* in how Hoseok paints his hip bones in smatterings of black and blue, only to press his lips to them with the barest amount of pressure after it's all said and done.

It's still not enough, though.

Maybe it's just because they've been together for so long, and Jungkook has always been a worrier. Always too over analytical, always reading deep into the hitch of a breath, or a slight stutter in speech. He just can't *help* it - if he doesn't catch what's wrong, or what *may* be wrong, or what *could* be wrong, or what *might* be wrong-

He just. He frets. A lot.

And maybe what hurts more than Hoseok's emotional unavailability, is the confirmation that he isn't able to hide his own reaction to it well enough.

Yoongi confronts him about it during their daily coffee ritual. The cafe is playing something soft and acoustic, and it lulls Jungkook into a false sense of security. Makes him think that it's going to be yet another easy Thursday - the sun is out a considerable amount for the time of year, and he thought it fitting to leave his woollen cardigan at home. He's draped in a loose white shirt, cotton still fresh and flowery-smelling from the dryer.

His shoulders are lax, his lips seem to be stuck in a permanent curve upwards, and they're talking about something that should be a safe topic; spending time together over the weekend. Saturday is fast approaching, and Yoongi explains that a new film has caught his eye.

“We should go!” Jungkook perks up immediately, setting down his Frappuccino with a little *too* much enthusiasm. Droplets of whipped cream fling off on impact with the table, and they bespeckle Jungkook’s cheeks. When he goes to reach for a napkin to wipe the mess off, Yoongi wordlessly shakes his head and brings his hand up to Jungkook’s face. Jungkook realizes what’s happening a second too late, and he’s too stunned to appreciate the way the rough pads of Yoongi’s thumbs felt sliding across his face, maybe lingering for a beat too long. He prays to God he isn’t too red - and only prays harder when Yoongi dips the very thumb that was on Jungkook’s face into his mouth, tongue flicking out to lap up what he’d collected.

“A-anyways,” he continues faintly, the memory of Yoongi’s touch on his face still burnt into the back of his mind. “We should - um. We should go. It’s been so long since I’ve gone to the cinema, the last time was....oh, gosh, haha. I can’t even remember! I always see adverts for new films coming out, and I’d love to go! But me n’ Hobi don’t really....go out....anymore....”

*Stupid.*

God. Why would he go and say that? It was nobody’s business but his own that Hoseok and he were having *problems*. The crease that settles between Yoongi’s brow only makes his gut twist even tighter. Regret rises up in the back of his throat - a thick, syrupy grape, like cough medicine. He tries to swallow it down with a sip from his drink, but the flavors don’t mix well and it only has the grimace on his face worsening.

“...Look, Jungkook-”

“I’m sorry-”

They both pause, and Yoongi's brows draw up further. "Sorry? Jesus, you aren't the one who needs to be apologizing."

"E-excuse me?"

"Just..." Yoongi sighs in frustration, setting down his mug on the table with a *clink* that seems to echo through the cafe. All of a sudden, the surrounding chatter has dimmed down, the music has simmered away, and all Jungkook can focus on is the queasy expression on Yoongi's face.

(Now is most *definitely* not the time, but the eye contact they're making sends something electrifying down Jungkook's spine.)

"I'm sorry," Yoongi continues, "If I, uh. Fucked things up with you and Hoseok. That night at Namjoon's..."

"Oh, no, no, no, Hyung! It's okay! Actually, I-" *wanted so much more* is what he's about to say, but he manages to catch himself before he falls, this time. "-didn't really. Mind. It's - you're fine."

"You...didn't...mind...?"

"I-mean-like-you're-fine," Jungkook rushes to pour out, nails digging their grave into the meat of his thighs as he digs his own. "Like, it was - it wasn't, like, awkward, or anything. So don't feel like it was! Or is! Because it's not! Everything is fine, haha!"

It would be a miracle if he got out of this alive.

Jungkook can feel perspiration begin to stick to the back of his neck and, not for the first time, he curses himself and his body's uncanny ability to act before given permission to do so. His nerves are alight, teeth ripping into the supple flesh of his bottom lip as he hopes to whoever's up there that he isn't being as terribly obvious as he thinks he is - as he's almost positive he's being. It's one thing to have a crush on another person while he's got a boyfriend; it's another thing entirely if that person finds out.

Perhaps that's what makes him the most nervous: the fact that this precarious balancing act he's managed to pull off for months could come crashing down with one wrong move. The feelings he's harbored...it's fine, as long as nobody knows about them. Right? If a tree falls and nobody's around to hear it, does it make a sound, and all that. He just has to wait for it to fade away, as most things do, eventually, and he'll be golden.

The problem is...

He's *been* waiting for it to fade away.

For *months*.

And it scares him. It scares him how his affection only blossomed with Yoongi moving in and the added time they spent together - instead of being repelled by the little ticks and habits Yoongi had that may have been *unsavory*, Jungkook was only further endeared. With every day that passed Jungkook felt his heart yearn to grow even closer to Yoongi, to see sides of him no one else had, not even Jimin. His feelings did not fade into grayscale, but their pallor only intensified over time, until Jungkook was left with a heart that bled a rich, ripe red every time Yoongi so much as *looked* at him.

It's this intensity he feels that lurches his gut up into the back of his

throat when Yoongi sighs, “Jungkook. I just - I don’t want it to be *weird*. I can always kick it with Joon for a couple months instead of-”

“No!”

At this point? Fuck making rent. Jungkook just wants him to *stay*.

(Jungkook is afraid that he will never want him to leave.)

“...No?”

“No, Hyung. I want you here - Hobi wants you here, *we* want you here. So please...stop thinking things like that. Okay? Nothing is ‘weird,’ or whatever. I...I like it when you’re around.”

The expression on Yoongi’s face isn’t something that can be deciphered easily, as most things tend to be when it comes to Yoongi. He’s got his eyebrows drawn up in a bushy scrunch and pink dusts the peaks of his face, but that’s just probably from the heating in the cafe. The way he gnaws on his lower lip, though - it reminds Jungkook too much of himself. He doesn’t like the way Yoongi tears into it, drawing blood up to the surface with each tug his incisors give on the plush flesh.

“...Huh,” Yoongi says after a moment. “Jungkookie must really like spending time with me, huh?”

“*Shut up.*” Jungkook drops his head until it collides with the tabletop, and bangs it against the wood twice for good measure.

*You don't know the half of it.*

;

By some stroke of luck, Jungkook had actually gotten a call back for one of the jobs he'd applied for.

It wasn't anything too demanding, and he could walk to work everyday - the local bookstore on campus was less modern than the other buildings that surrounded it. Too rustic for the chrome and steel finish that seemed to be a campus penchant yet not quite at the mildewed point of *classic*, the store sat, nestled comfortably, only a few blocks away from the registration office. On his walk to work he often has to pass by the latter, and it's a fresh reminder that he'd been in that building not even two years ago - it puts his youth into perspective.

His co-workers are friendly enough. Most of them are upperclassmen trying to make ends meet, and they take it upon themselves to dote on him despite his futile attempts to get them to stop. Hyojin always slips him the snacks she doesn't eat in her lunchpack, Heeyeon has taken to wetting her thumb and smudging away any stray lashes or crust she spots on his face with her uncanny eye for visual flaws, and Solji had been his mentor in the shop since day one. As much as he likes put up pretenses, he secretly revels in how they look after him; work has almost become a reprieve from the daily stressors he's grown all too accustomed to.

The methodical work of pasting labels onto spines and alphabetical organization do wonders for his psyche. The tasks he's given are mindless and repetitive; to some, boring, but to him?



A treasured break.

Which is why the decision to promote him to register duty wasn't received *entirely* well on his part. Jungkook genuinely looked forward to spending hours with nothing and nobody to be responsible for besides himself and the fresh shipment of encyclopedias that had come last week and were in dire need of labeling and shelving. Unfortunately, his supervisor - a kindly older woman who Jungkook really didn't feel comfortable refusing - had insisted that his "*pretty face*" was "*too cute to be hidden behind the counter.*"

And thus began his first day at the register. Jungkook had never had a job before in his life, and customer service made him nervous, what with the horror stories he'd seen and heard. But for the first day? It was going surprisingly well.

Granted, a bookstore isn't the most demanding place to work, so he does feel a bit silly a couple hours in when the only trouble he'd run into was when he stuttered whilst greeting a customer. Most of the traffic they got were people who came to sit in their little seating section and study when the library got too full, which meant that Jungkook didn't have to deal with ringing up more than three people every hour.

An easy existence, if you were to ask him.

It strikes him almost *too* easy, and his assumption is only proved correct when the bell above the front door chimes, and in walks Jimin thirty minutes before he's due to clock out.

Jungkook...doesn't really know how he feels about Jimin nowadays. At one point in time during his freshman year they'd been closer than

two peas in a pod, the dynamic duo of their friend group, and even roommates - but then Jungkook had met Hoseok, and suddenly, someone else that *wasn't* his best friend was occupying the majority of his time.

(He never quite shook the feeling that it rubbed Jimin the wrong way, suddenly having less time to spend with Jungkook.)

They'd grown apart naturally, still in each other's good graces, but around the beginning of Jungkook's infatuation with Yoongi was when they really fell off of each other's radars. Jimin suddenly had a boyfriend, too, and it seemed that whenever Jungkook reached out to reconnect, Jimin already had plans - usually, with Yoongi. Eventually, Jungkook stopped texting, tired of the excuses and rainchecks and apologies, and the only time they saw each other was when all seven of them got together to do something.

Things only further deteriorated after the break-up. Yoongi moving in felt too much like housing a fugitive from Jimin, and *that* guilt combined with the *other* guilt of falling in love with his boyfriend had Jungkook nervous and unsure how to act around his Hyung, and that's disregarding the several months of awkward silence between them; if you factor that in, well...

It kind of makes it hard to meet Jimin's eyes when he strides up to the counter, clunky textbook in one hand and his wallet in the other.

"Oh! Hey, Kook," he hums, brows upturned in surprise, "didn't know you were working here...or at all, really. Haha."

Jungkook can't tell if that comment is made in jest or not, so he just smiles nervously and hopes the sweat he feels gathering under his arms doesn't show through the fabric of his shirt. "Um, yeah, heh. Is that - is that all for today? And how are you doing, Hyung?"

“I’m doing alright. As good as I can be, y’know? How are you?” Jimin flashes him a sweet smile as Jungkook takes the book to scan and all of a sudden, he’s hit with a wave of heaviness targeted straight at the center of his chest. He *misses* that smile. He *misses* how he used to see it almost every day, and hear the bubbling laughter that accompanied it as well.

“I’m okay...Your total for today is fifty-three ninety-nine. Would you like a ba-”

“How is Yoongi?”

He’s frozen. He knows he must look like a deer caught in headlights, eyes wide, mouth drawn shut, hands beginning to tremble as he just stares at Jimin, who stares right back at him, gaze steady and unwavering.

“He’s living with you and Hoseok now, yeah? Is he doing well, eating enough? I’m asking you because you would know, Jungkookie.”

*You would know, Jungkookie.*

“...Uh. He’s doing guh - good, I guess. I would...I would know?”

The confusion that colors his tone must be just as evident on his face, because after Jimin swipes his card and tucks it back into his wallet, he looks at Jungkook with the most peculiar expression on his face. It’s an odd set to his features - something that just doesn’t look *right* on him. Brows pulled down - not quite into a furrow, but they still hang low and close together, fronts kissing; his eyes look glassy and faraway, like his mind is anywhere *but* the dusty bookshop; and his

lips curl gingerly upwards into a smile that makes something in Jungkook's stomach drop.

“You’ve really got no clue, do you, Jeon Jungkook?”

Jimin reaches over the counter and gently takes the book from Jungkook's grasp. He gives him one last glance, murmuring, “Text me soon, alright? Let's not be strangers.” And then he's out the door, just as quickly and as suddenly as he'd entered.

Slowly, life comes back to the store. The low hum of mindless chatter resumes, his vision evens out from a blurred tunnel and into something more normal, more accurate. His joints creak in their quest to loosen up from the deadlock that had gripped them, and his lips lose the paste that bound them together, and his head unfogs, and he realizes that he's just been standing there at the register for ten full minutes, motionless.

That encounter...it left something chilly in the air. Even though the store is almost always stuffy and humid - in desperate need of a functioning air conditioner - Jungkook feels a shiver run downwards along the length of his spine.

He's still on the clock, though, and in his peripheral, he sees Solji approach. He does his best to compose himself by the time she makes it to the counter. Jungkook flattens his palms over the front of his shirt and shakes his head to rid himself of the daze he'd been entranced in.

“Hey,” she greets, her head tilted to one side, “You feeling okay? Wanna clock out a bit early today?”

Normally Jungkook would protest, but he doesn't have the capacity to

for falsities - not after whatever just happened. So he lets out a sigh, one that comes from deep in his chest, and nods. "Yeah...if you could cover for me, that would be great."

"Of course." Solji rubs at his shoulder, a small smile gracing the corners of her mouth. "Head home and get some rest, kid. See you tomorrow."

"See you."

That night, the walk home seems a bit longer than usual.

### Chapter End Notes

EEK...im so embarrassed by how long this update took T\_T sorry!! just a combination of writers block n losing confidence u know :( but anyways!! i hope u enjoyed ahh lemme know what you think!

(psst come find me on twitter @boythott)

# Conversations

## Chapter Summary

All of a sudden, a transcendental type of exhaustion sets itself deep in the foundation of his bones, manifesting in between the ball and sockets of his hips, the joints in his fingers, the bend of his femur and coating each vertebrae of his spine. He is tired of walking on eggshells around his boyfriend. He is tired of feeling like a stranger inside his own home. He is tired of not recognizing the reflection that stares back at him in the mirror. “Why are you doing this? Why are you pretending like you don’t know me anymore? What the hell is wrong, Hoseok? Please, I just want to know so I can fix it, I don’t want it to be this way between us. I - God, I miss you so much. Just tell me what’s wrong. Please.”

## Chapter Notes

time for some makeup sex :3c

When Jungkook gets home, it’s to a quiet house and an even quieter hearth. The apartment is bone chillingly silent and when he checks the thermostat, the numbers read a few digits below than what they’re normally at. Walking through the kitchen cum living room is a surreal experience; all of the lights are switched off, painting everything in a dreamy blue-black mosaic. Even despite heading home earlier than usual, the sun still set on his walk home - that darkness was already sufficient enough to deal with. Returning to an apartment full of it makes him shiver underneath the several layers that he’s draped himself in.

It’s so desolate, in fact, that Jungkook is surprised to find Hoseok laying atop the comforter when he creaks open their bedroom door. His boyfriend is shirtless, clad in just a thin pair of sweats, and Jungkook is stabbed through the gut with a spear of something hot before he can even finish crossing through the door frame.

“Hey,” he murmurs, setting his bag down at the side of the bed, sitting gingerly next to the other. As he expects, Hoseok lifts the corners of his mouth with his own quiet greeting, but his gaze stays captivated

by the phone screen held up in front of his face like a shield.

“Where’s Yoongi-hyung?” Jungkook tries again.

“Studio. Won’t be home ‘til late. He said around nine, but you know how he is.”

“Mm. Have you eaten yet?”

“Yeah, stopped by the Thai place on my way home. There’s leftovers in the fridge if you’re hungry, babe.”

“Hoseok,” says Jungkook quietly. “I miss you.”

His words are barely a whisper but they seem to carry the weight of a gunshot. Hoseok’s fingers finally cease their tapping, thumbs hovering centimeters above where they’d just been furiously flying over the phone screen. In the dim lighting, the whites of his eyes almost glow - iridescent - illuminated by the light refracted back unto them from the device.

Gently, carefully, easily, Jungkook lifts the phone out of his grip, which has long since grown slack. He’s hesitant to speak, but it’s now or never. “Did I do something wrong?” He asks, voice a ghosting above silence.

“...No.” Hoseok gives a world weary sigh as he positions himself to sit upright on the bed. “No, you didn’t do anything, Kookie. It’s not your fault. It’s mine.”

Now *that* strikes a cord of fear deep inside him. “Wh-what do you mean? Is this...” *The end*, he wants to say. *Are you saying what I think you’re trying to?* He wants to demand.

But Jungkook stays silent and lets the implications hang in the air until Hoseok’s eyes get almost as wide as his, lips sucking in a quick breath only to exclaim, “*What?* No, of course not. Not that. Never that, Jungkook.”

“Then *why*, ” Jungkook presses. All of a sudden, a transcendental type of exhaustion sets itself deep in the foundation of his bones, manifesting in between the ball and sockets of his hips, the joints in his fingers, the bend of his femur and coating each vertebrae of his spine. He is *tired* of walking on eggshells around his boyfriend. He is *tired* of feeling like a stranger inside his own home. He is *tired* of not recognizing the reflection that stares back at him in the mirror. “Why are you doing this? Why are you pretending like you don’t know me anymore? What the hell is *wrong*, Hoseok? Please, I just want to know so I can *fix* it, I don’t want it to be this way between us. I - God, I miss you so much. Just tell me what’s wrong. *Please.*”

It scares him how disheveled Hoseok sits before him. The look in his eyes is wild and torn, and it *scares* him.

“I love you so much.”

And if *that* doesn’t knock the wind out of him.

It’s the first time they’ve made eye contact for longer than three seconds in the past three weeks, and that on its own is enough to have Jungkook just the slightest bit breathless. But Hoseok’s admission only constricts his lungs even further, and he’s struck with a sudden bout of emotions he couldn’t even dream of trying to extricate from the mess and name individually.



Yet still, he refuses to be distracted - even if all he wants to do is fall into Hoseok's arms and let the conversation dissipate into another night's issue. Now that he's managed to start the dialogue, he will *not* let it slip through his fingers.

"Hoseok." His voice is shaky, and it cracks the syllables in half, so he tries again. "Hoseok. It can't be like this, not ever again. "

"I know. I'm sorry. I just...I need time. Okay? It's my own issue that I gotta work through by myself. But I promise, I'll do better. It shouldn't have affected you and I apologize for that."

Jungkook is more than a little embarrassed to realize that his eyes are welling up. In a futile attempt to hide it before Hoseok can catch wind, he ducks his head, but the cringe on his boyfriend's face is nearly audible. "It's fuh - fine."

"...Jungkookie, are y-"

"Yes, I'm crying. Idiot."

"Can I-"

"Yes. Idiot."

Arms encircle him immediately. The familiar warmth of Hoseok caging him in that he'd craved for so long is finally back and this only kicks Jungkook's heart further into overdrive, only intensifies the pounding in his head and the chatter of his teeth and the wetness at

his eyes. Before he can stop himself, he's *really* crying, and doesn't even have the energy to feel any more shame. Especially not when Hoseok begins to rock him to the beat of the song he hums low in Jungkook's ear, the husky, offbeat tune punctuated intermittently with "Oh, my Jungkookie," and "I'm so sorry."

And all he wants is for Hoseok to *stop* apologizing. They talked about it, Hoseok admitted he was wrong, and promised to do better. The point of the confrontation was to start a dialogue, start a conversation, and fill in the blanks that had been keeping Jungkook up for hours every night. Hoseok had told him it wasn't his fault, and Hoseok had apologized - every apology after that was just prolonging the period of their relationship that Jungkook was trying to get *out* of.

"Stop," he says, lifting his face from where it had been snuggled in the junction between Hoseok's neck and shoulder. He now looks at his boyfriend head-on, and repeats himself. "Stop. No more apologies. Enough."

"But-"

"I swear to God, Jung Hoseok, if you don't kiss me *right the fuck now* I'm walking out of this apartment and I'll never come back."

Hoseok's smirk feels like an old blanket settling around the tops of his shoulders, enshrining him in a special kind of heat that only his boyfriend can make him feel. When their lips touch, it's gentle at first, tentative. Jungkook takes the initiative to press just a bit harder, peek his tongue out just a little farther, slide his hands just a little higher on Hoseok's thighs, until he gets the message and opens his mouth against Jungkook's.

The sensation is something he's experienced countless times before in the course of the past year and a half he's spent together with Hoseok,

but that doesn't get rid of the goose bumps that erupt along the sides of his arms every time he so much as brushes hands with his boyfriend. The hot slide of Hoseok's tongue against his own is something he could get used to doing forever, without any breaks, if he's not careful. There's something inexplicably intimate about how they kiss - Hoseok's fingers bracket his waist with a kind of carefulness that makes him feel like he's made of porcelain and glass.

*That* must be what it is. Every time Hoseok handles him, it makes him feel like he's the finest kind of China there is. In Hoseok's hold, Jungkook truly feels priceless.

It's almost too easy to spread himself back on the bed, Hoseok hovering above him. Usually when they're in this position, he will have a sharp glint in his eyes, all bared teeth and guttural growls. But not tonight. Tonight, he touches Jungkook with a sort of reverence that Jungkook had only ever seen in the fantasy erotica books he'd pored over as a lovesick teenager, desperate for a kind of unrelenting heat and intimacy that seemed to only exist in the figment of one's imagination.

Jungkook knows Hoseok is it for him because even his imagination cannot compare to the love bites Hoseok nibbles into the sides of his neck, the passionate brush of his lips against his ribs, his stomach, his hip bones. He doesn't know when exactly his shirt came off, but it came off, and now Hoseok looks up at him with a question in his eyes and fidgeting fingers fumbling with his fly. He has to sink his incisors into the plush flesh of his bottom lip in order to bite back a sound that would *surely* have him keeling over in embarrassment.

Although they'd fucked in the past weeks, they hadn't made love. There hadn't been a spark, there hadn't been the all-encompassing warmth that is present right here, right now, when Hoseok kisses up the length of his cock, lips already swollen and red from earlier activities. He takes his time to work Jungkook up - lapping delicately at his flushed head, ghosting his teeth along his underside just to make him jump and shudder, suckling tenderly at his balls. And Jungkook knows he enjoys it; Hoseok *loves* to make him squirm and

wiggle and whine until there are tears collecting at the corners of his eyes and running down his ruddy cheeks in rivulets to mingle in with the sheen of sweat on his chest. It excites Hoseok to take him apart.

(It excites Jungkook to be taken apart.)

His impatience grows rapidly, though, and Hoseok seems just about as done with the teasing as Jungkook is. He sinks his mouth down on Jungkook's cock in one fluid motion, something he's always been rather talented at. The first time he'd blown Jungkook, Jungkook hadn't lasted five minutes. Hoseok's experience used to be something Jungkook had worried over and let himself get more than a little intimidated by, but months of intimacy and gentle reassurances had turned the fluttering of his insides from something anxiety-borne and into something that brought a flush to his cheeks, weakness to his knees, and thunder to his heartbeat.

Hoseok bobs his head at a steady pace, hand underneath his lips to pump what his mouth doesn't swallow around. The pressure of his fingers combined with the skillful swirling of his tongue has Jungkook clapping a hand over his mouth to muffle his cries, but as soon as he covers his lips, all touch is cruelly ripped away.

"Don't," pants Hoseok, "we're alone, baby. Remember? I want to hear you."

That's right - Hoseok had said that Yoongi was staying at the studio late. They didn't have a clock handy but, surely, they would finish before he returned home.

Slowly, Jungkook lets his hand drop from in front of his face. The delicious pressure resumes and this time, he doesn't hold back the thunderous moan that rips its way out of his throat. Hoseok hums around him in response, and the vibrations seem to ricochet around

his insides, turning his organs to jelly. He is relentless in how he sucks around Jungkook like his life depends on it, and even stills his head at Jungkook's first buck upwards. At first, Jungkook thinks he's made a mistake and begins to apologize, but Hoseok merely slips his hands underneath Jungkook's ass cheeks and pushes them upwards, forcing his cock further back into Hoseok's throat.

*"Fuck,"* Jungkook whines, head thrown back against the pillows, afraid to look down at the sight he *knows* will have him coming prematurely. "Can I? Can I really, Hobi?"

All Hoseok does is slap his thigh, and that's the only confirmation Jungkook needs.

He starts slowly at first, hips hesitant in their thrusting. The gagging noises drive him out of his fucking mind, and that's what really seduces him to put more force behind his movements. With every push he's edged closer and closer to release. Jungkook hasn't been keeping track of time, too wrapped up in the overwhelming sensations that constrict around him like a vice and squeeze out the most pornographic sounding noises one could imagine - he feels too good to be embarrassed, though.

When he steels himself and brings his eyes down from their determined fixation on the ceiling, he immediately regrets it.

Hoseok's eyes are shiny with unshed tears, mouth stretched wide over the girth of his cock. His lips are swollen and glossy, slack as they let Jungkook pass through them over, and over, and over. At a particularly hard thrust Jungkook can feel himself hit the back of his throat, and Hoseok only lets his lids flutter shut with a muffled groan.

"Oh God. Hobi, Hobi, Ho *bi*, I need more, I'm gonna come, I need more-"

For the second time, all sensation is pulled away from his cock. Jungkook doesn't understand why his boyfriend is toying with him like this - usually, they reserved the harder play for nights where they have hours to burn and Hoseok's eyes have an edge to them that are absent tonight. Jungkook just wants to *come* and he doesn't understand *why* Hoseok is-

“Oh. Oh *no*, Oh *fuck*, *Hoseok...!*”

Something wet and prodding (Hoseok's tongue, the back of his mind supplies) circles around his hole. Jungkook pulls his knees up to his chest and hooks his arms around the back of them in an attempt to keep himself as stationary as possible while Hoseok goes to *town* on him. Absently, he lets a hand drift to his nipple and begin to fondle it as he lets the earth shattering feeling of licking and sucking at his most intimate parts wash over him in waves.

He couldn't possibly hope to keep a stable train of thought. Not when Hoseok presses the flat of his tongue against him, only to flick the tip inside and suction his lips around it. Not when Hoseok lets his hands wander upwards to resume tugging on his dick, fingers slipping and sliding in the messy puddle Jungkook's precome has managed to leak out. Not when Hoseok kisses his way up to his perineum, sucking long and hard before licking his way back down to where he'd started.

“M not gonna last. So...suh - so close, please, Hobi...”

With his eyes closed and Hoseok's mouth busy, Jungkook can let his imagination run wild. Almost as if by magic, the gentle hands that massage his cock grow calluses, the grunts that sound from below dip in pitch and octave; and when Jungkook lets his eyes crack open, he lets himself see a shock of bleach blond nestled against his ass, instead Hoseok's vibrant orange.

“Hyung,” Jungkook cries, burying his fingers in his own hair and letting the tears he’d been holding back finally slip down his sweaty temples.

“Come on,” Hoseok growls, cheek resting against his thigh and hand pumping up and down his cock. “Come for Hyung. He wants to hear you scream.”

And scream Jungkook does.

“*Fuck*,” he yells, spurting all the way up to his chest in what his brain can only register as pure ecstasy. His climax is so debilitatingly intense that he’s barely aware of Hoseok pushing his legs down so that he can scoot up Jungkook’s body to sit on his chest and jerk off just above his lips. When Hoseok comes it is with a deep, guttural groan that knocks the wind out of the *both* of them. Semen lands on his lips, his cheeks, his neck, and he licks up what he can. The rest, he lets his fingers dabble in before bringing them up to his lips to suck on contentedly while Hoseok watches him with a hawk’s eye.

His little show lasts about three more seconds before Hoseok is scooping up some more of the mess from the dip in his collarbones, and shoving it past his lips. Jungkook just suckles on what he’s fed, and lets his tongue undulate against the digits that swirl around in his mouth.

He whines when Hoseok pulls them out, moving his head to chase them, but he’s stopped by the look on his boyfriend’s face. “Unless you’re up for a second round,” he murmurs quietly, “I’d suggest you slow down there, babe.”

“Fine,” Jungkook sighs. “Hold on, I’mma go get something to clean

up.”

“No, babe, let me-”

“Oh my God, you literally just spent - what? An hour? Spoiling me? I’m not a *total* pillow princess, Hobi. I’ll be right back, okay?”

Hoseok acquiesces with a light shrug and lets Jungkook slip out of their bedroom, naked as the day he was born.

When he steps out, the apartment doesn’t seem as chilly as when he’d gotten in from work. Going to check the thermostat gives him the answer he’d been searching for: the temperature had been turned up. What’s even stranger, is that the kitchen lights were on. Jungkook doesn’t think he turned them on before he’d talked to Hoseok. Hoseok hadn’t left to turn them on, or turn up the heat.

Just to confirm, Jungkook tip toes over to Yoongi’s side of the hall, and his breath stutters to a halt in mortification.

Light pours from underneath his door crack.

So, for the second time, Yoongi had been subjected to hearing his sex noises. His loud sex noises.

And maybe it wouldn’t have been so bad if the morning after wasn’t disastrously awful. Not in the lightly embarrassing sense as the first morning had been, but in an horrifically humiliating way, for a multitude of reasons. For one, he hadn’t even tried to tamp down the obscene sounds that escaped him that night. For another, he’s not sure whether he would have even if he knew that Yoongi had been home.



Perhaps *that's* where the true embarrassment lies. It's less about the fact that Yoongi had been there to hear the whole thing, and more about the fact that Jungkook is pleased he was. This, of course, arouses a whole host of heavy emotions that make his head spin too fast and his chest constrict too tightly to deal with at eight in the morning.

It isn't exactly *news* to him, though. He's no stranger when it comes to how badly he wants his Hyung. But it does nothing to ease the burden of guilt that weighs suffocatingly on his lungs when he's the object of Hoseok's bright smile. Hoseok's doting hands and Hoseok's cooing and Hoseok's gentle morning kisses and caresses and cuddles - Jungkook finds himself thinking that he doesn't deserve it.

How dare he demand Hoseok to divulge his problems when Jungkook is harboring a crush on his best friend? How dare he find fault in his boyfriend for doing something Jungkook has been guilty of for far longer?

How dare he revel in his boyfriend's affection and care when he's taken with another man?

The worst part? He's in love with them both.

Falling for Yoongi took nothing away from the butterflies whenever Hoseok so much as glanced his way, even after all these months. Similar in how already being in a relationship didn't stop Jungkook's heart from yearning for the boy with pretty hair and even prettier eyes that sat mere feet away from him every day, even after all these months.

He wants to scoff. Is it even possible to be in love with two people at

once? Shouldn't one be enough?

Looking over at Hoseok and Yoongi getting breakfast ready in the kitchen, he feels shame choke up the back of his throat. They get along so well, like Yin and Yang, like night and day - who would Jungkook be to disrupt that? They hand each other utensils and ingredients without a word being spoken, humming together in harmony as they work in an otherworldly breed of sync.

Yoongi turns around to throw eggshells in the trash behind him, and catches Jungkook's eye in the process. He smiles at him, warm and fond and familiar, and it only makes the sting behind his eyes burn even harder.

*Do you think I'm ungrateful?*

*Do you think I'm spoiled?*

*Do you think I'm greedy?*

He wants to ask.

But Jungkook says none of this.

# Re: Conversations

## Chapter Summary

How they proceed is something to be hashed out when the tears are dry on Jungkook's face and Hoseok has stopped the incredulous giggles that still slip out of his mouth. For now, they stay locked in each other's embrace, clutching onto elbows and shoulders and necks like it's the last time they'll ever get to touch.

## Chapter Notes

first of all, i hope everyone had a lovely valentine's day! and happy hobi day!!

second of all for those of u who may have noticed the chapter count go down, fear not! nothing was cut out, i just combined this chapter and what would have been the following chapter into one; this one is kind of a doozy and splitting it up in half would've been mean : <

now that that's out of the way, enjoy! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jungkook is an art student.

It's something he's caught a fair amount of flack from almost everyone close to him *except* Hoseok. His teachers in high school sneered whenever he'd answer their inquiries about further education as soon as he'd manage to get the word "*art*" out. His friends belittled him and told him he'd never be able to make a stable living on whatever profession may be available to him if he so chose to pursue that route; he might be better off sticking to something more practical. His parents had had the least volatile reaction out of everyone he'd told - a small, secretive part of Jungkook had hoped they'd be livid, that they would demand *who's supposed to take over the company now?* Instead, they smiled like they hadn't expected anything more of him. Jungkook isn't sure which reaction he truly would have preferred.

Hoseok, though.

Hoseok had always been different.

For one, Jungkook had met him while he was a budding freshman and Hoseok, a junior. Technically, he wasn't under any obligation to declare his major, but Jungkook had known ever since he was young that he wanted to pursue art with a kind of passion he had never felt for anything else. Different from the lukewarm embers in the pit of his belly at the thought of his parents, unlike in how his tongue tripped over itself and his knees knocked into each other when his boyfriend was around, and foreign to the heat that erupted at the base of his spine and blossomed all the way up to his cheeks that was intrinsic only to Yoongi's presence in his life.

No, art was something entirely different. The rush that hit him as he picked up his sketchbook, the fluidity and naturalness that came with sweeping a paintbrush across fresh canvas, or a graphite pencil across a clean white page - it was unparalleled.

He can remember when he'd first met Hoseok. All he had wanted to do was draw him over, and over, and over.

They collided at the beginning of his freshman year and Hoseok's junior; at first glance, Jungkook knew he was done for. When he'd gotten home to the dorms that night after their first encounter, it kept replaying on an endless loop in his head. Come morning, more than half of his sketchbook was filled with drawings of the handsome upperclassman who had taken the time out of his day to help direct Jungkook to the correct lecture hall. Heart shaped smiles and devilishly handsome chestnut hair plagued the pages of his workbook for *weeks*, only slowing in production when Jungkook finally went on his first date with Hoseok...and even then, Jungkook still finds himself sketching portraits and studies of his boyfriend from time to time.

In this way, it would be fair to say that Jungkook's hyperfixation on

art extended itself into most aspects of his life, particularly his *other* hyperfixations.

This is usually an inconvenience.

When he's *supposed* to be shading a grayscale still life for an assignment due in just two days, he is instead inclined to sketch out countless doodles for the animated shows that take up his free time, his attention, and his creativity. When he's *supposed* to be slaving over a palette of oil pastels to recreate vivid scenery for his midterm, he shirks that off in favor of letting his pencil drift across the page in a familiar heart-shaped smile that occupies his thoughts far too often.

And when he's *supposed* to be turning rough gesture sketches into a finished full body study for one of his biggest grades of the semester, he instead finds himself turning back to the sketchbook he has dedicated solely to sketches of Yoongi.

The habit he'd developed of drawing his Hyung had began all the way back on the first day at their cafe, when Jungkook had caught sight of Yoongi and his breath left him all at once, reminiscent of how his lungs flopped all over themselves when he'd stopped Hoseok for directions all those months ago and had ended up getting quite more than what he'd originally bargained for. There was something about Yoongi's features that drew him like a moth to a flame - the gentle curve of his jaw, the chatoyant build of his eyes, his hair which seemed to change hues as quickly as Jungkook could manage to bring the appropriate watercolors to document it. Soon, he had realized that drawing Yoongi could no longer take up space in the sketchbook he used for school - if he wanted to continue his hopeless pining, he had to buy one solely for the purpose of detailing his Hyung.

So he did.

It probably wasn't helpful that he'd chosen a sketchbook with an identical structure and cover to his school-dedicated one, but images of Hoseok asking him what his new one was for and fumbling for an adequate answer scared him into purchasing a carbon copy. This way, there would be no questions, no confusion, no explanations, and no chance of Jungkook's... *predicament* ever seeing the light of day.

Of course, the fear of mixing them up one day haunted him, but he was methodical and analytical in his work to the point where he critiques himself better than his professor can. He would never let himself make that mistake. Right?

Wrong.

Like most things seem to nowadays, it begins at the coffee shop with Jungkook sitting across from Yoongi at their usual table, sugary drink in one hand and phone held in the other. He's scrolling mindlessly through his feed when one post in particular catches his eye; it's a beautiful watercolor portrait of a nude model, pastel hues blending and intermingling with each other to create a mosaic out of the model's body. One of his friends from class - Yujin - had posted it, and it serves as a cruel reminder that the assignment she'd completed it for was due in less than three days, and Jungkook had yet to even set up his easel.

He groans, shutting his phone off and throwing it carelessly against the wooden table. He *would* have started the assignment earlier, really! It's just that...all he can seem to draw these days is the sight that stares back at him, lips quirked in bemusement at his melodramatics.

"What're you pouting about," Yoongi teases, eyes shining with mirth.

"It's just - this *assignment*," Jungkook moans as he glumly sips at his

drink. "Something's gotta be turned in by Friday, but...I have nothing, Hyung. The focus of this thing is supposed to be anatomy and making your subject feel 'alive,' or whatever, but I don't have a model, or any inspiration. I'm just kinda...stuck."

"A model? Why don't you just ask Hobi?"

Jungkook snorts at this. "Please. The last time I asked him to model something was my midterm, freshman year. He kept moving just to fuck with me, and he couldn't sit still for more than ten minutes! His body's good for many things - modeling just isn't one of those, I guess, haha."

He realizes what he's said a couple seconds too late. Around Yoongi, his walls seem to crumble, his filter seems to rust, and he cannot for the *life* of him pull himself together. Yoongi, for the most part, seems unperturbed by Jungkook's inappropriate comment. The only indication Jungkook gets that he registers it at all is the rose petal pink that dusts lightly over the bridge of his nose.

"Ah, so," he continues after a moment, "you don't have anyone else to model for you?"

"No...no one that draws my inspiration, really. Hobi can't, I see Taetae-hyung so much on a regular basis that spending hours on detailing his face would literally kill me, Joonie-hyung's way too busy to spare half a day sitting on my couch doing nothing, Jiminie-hyung and I don't really...talk...anymore, I'm *never* productive when Seokjin-hyung is around, and you..."

Perhaps it isn't wise to let his gaze flicker from where it had been fixed, and let it float up to catch Yoongi's. All at once, the air in Jungkook's lungs leaves him in a great gust - he loses what he's about to say like fine silk cloth slipping through his fingers.

“...Me...?” Yoongi prompts.

*Van Gogh couldn't even do you justice.*

*You're too pretty.*

*I'm not sure I'd be able to stop staring, even after the painting is done.*

*There's already hundreds of portraits of you.*

“You're. Well, um. Would you - would you mind?”

No. This is *exactly* the type of situation that Jungkook should be trying to avoid - hours on end spent alone with Yoongi, dreamy music playing, Yoongi posing for him. God, Yoongi *posing for him* -

Again, exactly the type of situation that Jungkook should be trying to avoid.

The image is too much to deal with, though, and that's what really manages to sidetrack him. Rationally, he knows that there is no way that this could possibly end well. Jungkook can barely handle a little over an hour being in a public space with Yoongi without doing something embarrassing, like confessing his undying love, or popping a boner. Even just the *prospect* of having extended alone time together has his conscience taking a back seat the minute Yoongi tilts his head kindly.



“Not at all,” he says quietly, seriously, face just as impassive as ever - only, now, there’s a hint of warmth to the curvature of his cheeks that hadn’t been there a moment ago. Under the soft sunlight that spills past the windowpane next to him, Yoongi glows. Maybe it’s just Jungkook’s mind getting carried away, all too easily crafting up ephemeral delusions of skin that radiates starshine, and eyes that reflect thousands of years beyond either of their ages. Yoongi may be blunt and deadpan, but Jungkook likes to think he’s able to catch the meaning - and the beauty - behind the seemingly flat, overly candid comments.

He’s been bewitched, yet again, by the man sitting in front of him. Any hope of salvaging the secrecy he’s tried valiantly to shroud his infatuation in goes straight out the window when he grins, and seals his fate. “Cool. You’re off of work Thursday, right? Will that work for you?”

“It’s a date, Jeon Jungkookie.”

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Thursday comes faster than it should.

Jungkook spends three days stressing out about the fact that he’s going to be alone with Yoongi for hours on end, and when he finally calms himself down long enough to breathe, it’s Thursday afternoon.

They’d decided to meet in a park a little ways away from their cafe. With the weather warming up and the sun shining just a tad bit brighter than usual, flowers have begun to bloom in abundance, and the vibrant hues would look striking in contrast to the palette

Jungkook is planning on using for Yoongi; cool tones for the smattering of blue underneath his eyes and the azure webbing at the base of his wrists, only to be offset by the passionately fiery scarlets and marigolds of the roses and daisies in the background. Jungkook has a million and one ideas for how he wants Yoongi to pose, where he wants Yoongi to be among the flowers, what expression he wants Yoongi to maintain...he's almost startled to find himself more parts excited than he is nervous.

Because, at the end of the day, this is his *passion*; graphite on lead on acrylic on watercolor on canvas. Jungkook lives and breathes the hues of the world, its outline and geometry brought together with splashes of color. Even the ever-constant presence of anxiety takes a backseat to the brush in his hand, the palette nestled against the crook of his arm.

He takes a moment to remind himself of this as he watches Yoongi sink down to sit in the grass, fingers fiddling absently with a stray dandelion. It is unfair how much beauty Yoongi effortlessly commands.

"So," Yoongi begins, looking at the easel Jungkook has set up between them, "What should I be doing?"

It had taken a bit of time to decide amongst the thousands of ideas that ran wild in his head when the words *Yoongi* and *pose for me* went hand in hand in his head. But Jungkook had managed to narrow it down, deciding between countless pages filled with gesture drawings of faceless figures in various positions. He had dog-eared the page on which the finalized concept was drawn and now, it was only a matter of coming back to the sketch.

Once he's finished setting up the easel, Jungkook rips open the flap to his cluttered messenger bag and begins the search for his sketchbook. "Ah. Hold on, it's in here somewhere, lemme just—"

In hindsight, he supposes it's his own fault for keeping such a mess in what's supposed to be his work bag. Sifting through stray papers and pushing aside old candy wrappers, Jungkook grunts in victory when he feels the familiar press of cardboard against his fingers, signaling his victory in locating his sketchbook. Pulling it out of its confines, though, proves just as much of a challenge as finding it in the first place. He grabs onto the corner of the cover as tightly as he can and yanks with all of his might, and it comes flying out of his bag and onto the grass in between he and Yoongi, pages open and bare for the world to see.

Jungkook realizes five seconds after pulling it out that this is the *wrong* sketchbook.

The place it's opened to is damning enough. On one page, there's a sketch of Yoongi's face held in the palm of his hand as he gazes outside of the frame with a wistful expression - something Jungkook had drawn, then come back to in the solitude of his home to painstakingly fill in with watercolor. The next page is an entire study dedicated to the various positions of Yoongi's lips.

And, okay. This can be managed. Jungkook can just laugh and explain that it was a preliminary way to get comfortable with drawing Yoongi - it's fine. It's going to be fine, Jungkook just needs to snap out of whatever mortified stupor he's in and *speaks*.

Fate takes advantage of his hesitancy and a gale rushes past them, ruffling the pages of the sketchbook and turning them one by one, revealing countless sketches, studies, paintings, doodles, and drawings of the man whose gaze is transfixed on them.

It's quiet for a long moment. Yoongi's eyes do not leave the sketchbook.

“Jungkook-ah...”

“I’m sorry.”

The way Jungkook says it is quick and harried, like he’s in a rush to get the words out of his mouth. Yoongi quirks his line of sight upwards, to study Jungkook’s trembling frame, to watch the way his teeth tear into his lower lip and draw up beads of red. His face is as blank as it always is, and Jungkook can’t tell if that’s a comfort, or if it’s merely aggravating his nerves.

“I’m sorry,” he repeats, “I. I. I can’t. I’m so sorry, Yoongi-hyung.”

Before Yoongi has a chance to say anything in response, Jungkook spins on his heel and takes off.

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Thank *God* Hoseok is at the apartment when Jungkook bursts through the door, because he really doesn’t feel like pulling his boyfriend away from work for this - but he would have. It’s a conversation that’s long overdue and he finally feels ready to face it head on.

As soon as the doorknob makes harsh contact with the drywall, Hoseok jumps about a foot in the air off of the sofa.

“Jesus,” he breathes, clutching his chest, “Kook, wh-”

“Hoseok.”

It must be something about his tone that shuts Hoseok up almost immediately. Jungkook is rarely serious like this; it just doesn't suit him. He much prefers the lighthearted, easy rapport in which he and Hoseok's daily modes of communication exist. Now, though, there is no time for jokes and private smiles and winks and nudging at the elbow. Jungkook came here to do what should have been done a long time ago, no matter at what expense. Hoseok is owed at least that much.

He'd always thought that the words would be harder to get out, yet *“I'm in love with Yoongi-hyung”* falls past his lips like water from a creek. As easy as it was to get caught in Yoongi's aura - that's how easy it is to admit it, to let himself revel in the warmth that floods his cheeks, the trembling of his knees. It feels like something has been taken out of his lungs and off of his chest; suddenly, he can breathe again. He can breathe again, and no longer is he overcome with the urge to curl up into a ball, or sink to the floor, or apologize profusely with each passing moment.

In contrast, Jungkook knows that his relationship is probably over, and this has something heavy settling in his gut. Not guilt, though. Jungkook had been honest and upfront with Hoseok - he supposes it's more akin to something like resignation. He's resigned to the fact that he'll have to move on from somebody he's loved so deeply, so intensely, that it scares him sometimes. He's resigned to the fact that Hoseok will most likely move out in two weeks, if not sooner, and Jungkook will be left with a gaping emptiness in his bed and in his heart. He's resigned to the fact that Hoseok will probably hold something against him, no matter how much he may try and still stay on good terms, Jungkook will know. And it will sting to have earned the contempt from the person he loves the most, but it couldn't have been helped.

There are many reactions Jungkook had anticipated from his

boyfriend. Yelling, raging, crying, confusion, disbelief.

Laughter was not among those anticipated reactions.

Hoseok bursts out laughing, falling back against the couch cushions, clutching his sides with a wholesome kind of happiness. When Jungkook makes a strangled noise of befuddlement, Hoseok only shoots up to run across the room and hug him, mirth in his footsteps.

“Thank *God*,” he breathes as he pulls away. “I had no idea how I was gonna tell you.”

No.

It can't be.

Not even in the most perverted of his fantasies had Jungkook considered for even a *second* what his brain is trying to process right now. It just - it doesn't compute.

“Tell me what?” Jungkook breathes, vision beginning to fuzz around the edges.

“Me too. I. I'm in love with Yoongi-hyung as well.”

For some strange reason, wetness begins to collect at the corners of his eyes, a quiver sets itself in the plumpness of his bottom lip, and Jungkook is - much to his horror - beginning to *cry*. He smothers his head into Hoseok's shoulder and beats against his chest. “*Dummy*,” he

hisses, "is thuh - this what you didn't wanna tell me? Is *this* wuh-why....why you were acting so weird?"

"I'm sorry, Jungkookie. But - you know how hard it is. To tell your boyfriend that you love someone else."

And, yeah, Jungkook can understand that. It had taken him months to work up the courage to admit the truth to Hoseok, and he's the one who usually breaches subjects first.

Still, though.

"Hoseokie. It can't be like this, ever again. We really need to do better."

"I know."

"Communication. *Talking*. We need to talk to each other."

"I know."

"I love you so much, and I -" here, he chokes back up all over again, face crumbling into something ugly and misshapen. "I don't want to lose you over something that could've been easily avoided by just having a conversation, y'know?"

"I know," Hoseok repeats with a soothing massage to his tensed shoulder blades. Jungkook melts into the touch, eager and greedy to release the stress that had built up in between his bones and had

lingered there for *months*. The admission was one thing, but for it to have worked out in the best possible scenario for his and Hoseok's relationship? It truly felt like he was living in the alternate reality he sometimes let himself explore when he'd get sidetracked during class, head propped up in the dip of his palm, staring aimlessly into the wall as he let himself exist somewhere far, far away.

How they proceed is something to be hashed out when the tears are dry on Jungkook's face and Hoseok has stopped the incredulous giggles that still slip out of his mouth. For now, they stay locked in each other's embrace, clutching onto elbows and shoulders and necks like it's the last time they'll ever get to touch.

### Chapter End Notes

whos ready for yoongi pov next chap :3



## 2.5

### Chapter Summary

*Yoongi really, really, really wanted to hate Jungkook.*

### Chapter Notes

\*aggressive finger guns @ the chapter title\*

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

*“So, Yoongi-ssi - Hyung ...what’s on your agenda today?”*

*It still feels so surreal, holding an actual conversation with Jungkook as opposed to the months of hopeless pining he’d subjected himself to - at least he wasn’t the only one with an incurable affliction of the heart. Yoongi would have to be a fool to not recognize the other’s rosy cheeks and staggered sentences for anything other than what they are.*

*Jungkook’s crush brought about a myriad of emotions that Yoongi could have lived his whole life without experiencing at the same time. A crushing sort of guilt that one was bound to get hit with at the realization that they were in love with someone other than their romantic partner; brief, mild panic when he’d registered that they both were committed to other people, which somehow made the situation exponentially worse; and, as inappropriate as it may have been, giddiness at the fact that even if they had no chance in hell, even if they were unbeknownst to their object - his affections were still returned.*

*Yoongi is no stranger to convoluted love stories. Before Jungkook had entered the scene, Hoseok was what painted his canvases, what sweetened his coffee, what brought the sun up above his horizon, and what hung the stars in his sky. He’d been infatuated by the first breath he’d seen Hoseok draw - from there, it seemed like a free-fall into a pit of pining. Years of courage built up to Yoongi attempting to confess; junior year had just begun and with it, came the difficult decision to stop wallowing in uncertainty and apprehension and just tell Hoseok. They’d been friends for so long that the fear his attraction would corrupt their relationship was*

*more irrational than anything else.*

*Things seemed to work out too well when Yoongi had called him and told him they had to meet at the coffee shop a few blocks from campus because Yoongi had something of dire importance to share with him, only to have Hoseok inform him that he had something monumental to tell as well. Perhaps Yoongi's first mistake was letting his hopes cloud his common sense, and delude him into believing that there was the slight chance Hoseok and he were on a common page - that all his time spent silently and quietly suffering might have been requited.*

*That next day, he'd practically been buzzing in his seat even before he'd taken a sip of coffee. He was so drunk off of the adrenaline and anticipation that when Hoseok had asked if he could go first, Yoongi agreed without a second thought. It must have been a comical sight, he thinks, to see the grin he'd worn so vibrantly slowly melt off of his face and into his lap when Hoseok had excitedly exclaimed he'd gotten himself a boyfriend.*

*And Yoongi really, really, really wanted to hate Jungkook. He wanted to hold something against the bright-eyed, bushy-tailed freshman that whisked away Hoseok's affections and Yoongi's chance at closure. He wanted to feel justified in holding a grudge between himself and the kid who seemed to know all of his friends, who seemed to constantly be an extra in whatever setting Yoongi surrounded himself in, who had taken up occupying Yoongi's favorite cafe and sitting exactly ten feet away from him, eyeing him intensely all the while.*

*But...watching Hoseok's eyes light up when he gushed over whatever adorable thing "Jungkookie" had done that day...it made it impossible to hate something the one dearest to him cherished so much. Yoongi thinks it would have been selfish to confess at that point, or to make his contempt so obviously known, so he swallowed his pride and vowed to give the kid a chance. After all, Jungkook was an individual before he was Hoseok's boyfriend - an individual who hadn't done anything to him personally. It wasn't fair to hate him over something he couldn't have had a clue about.*

*Following this particularly poignant moment of character development, he found that Jungkook was...really kind of cute when he was trying not to be obvious about staring. Each instance of Yoongi catching him ogling would have the boy flushing a pretty sort of petal pink, and hiding his face behind his sketchbook, or his laptop, or whatever he'd brought to the cafe that day to pretend to be working on. It went on like that for weeks, and then months, but it hadn't taken Yoongi that long to pick up on what was going on.*

*The kid had a crush. On him.*

*It was endearing - Jungkook was endearing. If at all possible, Yoongi could feel his heart expanding to accommodate the addition of one other person to bleed for. He was well aware just how bad of an idea it was not only to have feelings for his best friend, but his best friend's boyfriend; but he could play stone cold all he wanted to. In the end, he was fooling nobody, least of all himself.*

*This fact didn't stop him from trying, however. Jimin was a sweet kid he'd met through picking Hoseok up after dance practice, and it was easy to let himself fall into the habit of chatting with him whilst Hoseok was busy gathering his things. Harmless inquiries about their respective days turned into cheeky flirting turned into knuckles brushing and lips quirking and lashes fluttering turned into Yoongi waking up one day, with a boyfriend.*

*He never let guilt consume him. Not when he saw the miniscule curl of satisfaction in Jimin's lips when he'd tell Jungkook he was "so sorry, I'm hanging out with Yoongi-hyung today!" Yoongi was sure Jimin had been attracted to him on some level, just as he was to Jimin, but neither of their intentions were one hundred percent pure. Yoongi made sure to play that in his head on loop when he fell asleep to thoughts of Hoseok and Jungkook, or when he imagined it was their hands that caressed him below the belt instead of the lone set that always seemed so hurried, so impatient, or even when Jimin had broken up with him.*

*But all this is neither here nor there.*

*Yoongi takes a moment to ground himself back in the present day, where he sits across from Jungkook, sipping gingerly at his steaming mug while they converse with each other directly for the first time. The slight country twang that tinges his syllables sparks something warm in the pit of Yoongi's stomach, and he takes a moment to smile softly before responding to Jungkook's question.*

*"Ah, actually, I've gotta go back to the apartment soon before Jimin leaves for his nine o'clock lecture..."*

*"What , why? Why would you wanna go back there , Hyung?"*

*Jungkook has a dark look on his face. Yoongi has to suppress a snort.*

*"Well...I left about half of my recording stuff in my bedroom, kiddo. Kinda need that - and, hey, don't gimme that look. Jimin's probably calmed down from last night - he just gets real angry in the moment, yeah? But he'll come around. It'll be good for us to talk, anyways."*

*"Oh. Yeah. Um, I hope it goes well."*

*This time, Yoongi can't hold back the amused chuckle that slips past as easily as the gummy grin sneaks its way across his lips. "Thanks, Jungkook. Hey, I should probably go and get ready before it gets too late..."*

*"Yeah! Of course! Don't let me keep you!"*

*Yoongi doesn't want to leave the apartment. Hell, he doesn't even want to*

*get up from the comfortable perch he's sat in across from Jungkook - after so long of admiring from afar, it takes all of the strength he can muster up to stand and turn away, though not without running his fingers through Jungkook's hair. He doesn't miss the way the boy leans into his touch as soon as his palm makes contact, and this only makes it even harder to pull away and head towards his room to get ready.*

*Showering and dressing goes far too quickly for his liking. One moment he's tugging off his sleep shirt to step into the steamy spray, and the next, he's hopping on the transit to his apartment...or, rather, Jimin's apartment, now.*

*It's awkward to text him a confirmation that he's here so he can be buzzed in, and it's awkward to ride up in the elevator with the knowledge that this is the last time he's going to run his hands along the worn wood of the railing that he's grown so accustomed to in his four years of living in the building. It's especially awkward to knock on his own front door and hear the deadbolt being undone, like Jimin had been anticipating a criminal and not his ex-boyfriend.*

*"...Hi." Says Jimin through the crack he's made between the door and the frame.*

*"Hi."*

*"I have lecture soon, so here's all your stuff." The door widens to reveal a neat pile of Yoongi's recording equipment at Jimin's feet. He's blessed to have a studio on campus readily available, so the most he's ever had to collect at home were a couple of pairs of headphones, a keyboard, a monitor, and a Maschine - all things he'd turn to when inspiration hit him in the dead of night, far past the open hours for the equipment at school.*

*His belongings stare up at him from the polished hardwood interior of the apartment, and for a moment, Yoongi finds himself thinking that it's too*

*easy. Their relationship was filled with too much innuendo and too many fallacies to end on such a simple note as this. He can feel his muscles tensing up when all Jimin does is raise his eyebrows and gesture once more to the pile of equipment at his feet impatiently, like he's got somewhere urgent to be, even though Yoongi knows he doesn't need to leave for his lecture for at least another thirty minutes.*

*But as Yoongi bends down to pick up his things, there is still no comment from the other. Perhaps Jimin is beyond the mind games. Wouldn't he have said something by now? A snide remark must be dying to crawl past his lips. Yet he stays silent, face an unfamiliar brand of impassive.*

*Yoongi decides that he will take it.*

*And he's a hair's breadth away from escaping, too; he turns on his heel and he's ready to stride down the hall and never look back when it comes in the lowest voice Yoongi has ever heard Jimin use,*

*"It wasn't that you stopped loving me, was it?"*

*He freezes in his tracks, and slowly lowers his foot from where it had been mid-step in the air. His boot hits the ground with a clunk almost as heavy as the weight that settles on his chest. He should have known better than to believe coming here would have been as simple and collecting his things and leaving - it had never been simple with them.*

*"It wasn't that, was it?" Jimin continues, still stood in the doorway. "You can't stop something that was never set into motion."*

*He stays silent, still facing the opposite direction.*

*"I guess I always knew, deep down - you'd have to be an idiot not to, with the way you look at him."*

*It makes him sick to his stomach that he can't tell which one Jimin is referring to. Never before has the realization hit him as hard as it does right now, in the hallway of his ex-boyfriend's apartment, being spoken about like he's a character in a memoir - Yoongi really does love the both of them.*

*"Them," he corrects quietly.*

*"Excuse me?"*

*"The way I look at them."*

*There is a long pause, before Jimin hacks out a hollow chuckle. "Christ. You know what? I can't even be mad. I just kinda feel sorry for you, Yoongi."*

*Me too, he wants to quip, but he stays quiet once more. After Jimin realizes that he won't be getting much more out of him, he sighs.*

*"Neither of us are saints. I think - I think this was good. Breaking up. Obviously I'm not, like, happy, but... I don't hate you, either. Let's not be strangers." And then he can hear the soft snick of the door being shut, but the sound of the locks fastening back into place never comes.*

*When Yoongi manages to uproot himself from standing stock still in the hallway outside of Jimin's door after fifteen minutes, he feels ready to return home.*

## Chapter End Notes

thank u so much for reading!! i'm sorry if this reads like ass hhhh  
writer's block totally slammed me this week T\_T i finished  
working on a rather sizable project and all of the inspiration and  
talent seemed to leave me in one great WHOOSH

but anywho! any feedback is always appreciated hehe, lemme  
know what u think!! <3



# Re: Conversations (Reprise)

## Chapter Summary

Going to Yoongi is as easy as closing his eyes and drifting along a warm current, if only for the fact that Hoseok is by his side now.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Going to Yoongi is as easy as closing his eyes and drifting along a warm current, if only for the fact that Hoseok is by his side now.

Similar to how Jungkook had rushed home to confess to his boyfriend his love for another man, they both find it impossible to even think about sparing another moment before baring themselves before Yoongi. Not a minute after they've broken from their embrace do they look each other in their glistening eyes and come to a nonverbal agreement.

They need to find him. Now.

Hoseok parts his lips, but Jungkook already knows what he's going to ask before the syllables even slip past. "I think I know where to go."

And sure enough, when they've sprinted from their apartment building and reach the park just outside of the cafe, Yoongi is still sitting on the same bench he'd been when Jungkook had took off what seemed like years ago. The only detail which marks that time different from now, is that instead of sitting cross-legged and staring up at the easel, his hands gingerly cradle Jungkook's sketchbook as he leafs through the pages.

The sight makes Jungkook falter in his stride. He stumbles to a stop,

pulling Hoseok back with him from where they're interlocked at the knuckles, and his boyfriend glances back at him with a questioning look. Hoseok's confusion is understandable - Jungkook's dreams have been plagued with this moment from the moment he'd first laid eyes on Yoongi; why would he stutter now, when he's teetering on the precipice of closure? When what he's sought after for so long is tickling at his fingertips?

He supposes he should feel some sort of overwhelming excitement to seize the moment - and he *does* - but...

He's nervous.

He's scared.

There is a very big leap to be taken from pining within the safe, solitary confines of his own self. Call him a masochist, but he almost reveled in the privacy of how close he kept his emotions. As long as his feelings remained inside of him and *only* inside of him, where was the risk of someone else finding out?

Where was the risk of rejection?

Telling Hoseok had been the halfway point. He'd been so wound up in the moment that he hadn't stopped to consider the possibility that there was a chance he might not have gotten off as lucky as he did - it's not everyday that one confesses their love for their boyfriend's best friend *to* their boyfriend, only to find out their affections are mirrored. But this seems to be the problem: what if it *was* just a stroke of luck? What if his luck has run out?

His boyfriend is tugging on his arm now, head tilted in an unspoken question, and Jungkook can see it in his eyes - as much confusion as

there is as to why Jungkook's stopped, there's equal parts a kind of passion Jungkook has never before seen. He looks...invigorated. The kind of excitement only a child can experience after they've just slid down their first slide, or successfully cleared a rung of monkey bars. There's something undeniably boyish about the way Hoseok's grin gleams on his face, bright and uncaring of anyone whom it may blind, and Jungkook's heart cramps *hard* - he has to gasp in a lungful of air quickly, before he chokes on his own pulse.

Hoseok wants this just as badly as he does. Hoseok has wanted this just as badly as he does for longer than Jungkook thinks he can imagine.

He couldn't possibly deny him the special brand of happiness intrinsic only to Yoongi's presence in his life - in both of their lives.

It is this thought that spurs his feet into motion once more, propelling him across the greenery with knees that tremble and shiver almost as violently as his ribcage does. Each footfall draws him closer and closer to a moment he's only ever dreamt about, and the anticipation nearly collapses his lungs. But still, he pushes onwards, sprinting through the courtyard hand in hand with his boyfriend like a pair of grade schoolers running during recess. The absurdity of what they're about to do washes over them at the same time; it tickles along their stomachs and underneath their chins and behind the backs of their knees, throwing them into a fit of giggles that ring high and clear in the early-spring air. For a beautiful moment, they're suspended in time, running with the breeze whipping their hair from their faces, fingers interlocked, grins spread wide from ear to ear.

Yoongi catches sight of them ten seconds before they come to a stop in front of him. His expression is one Jungkook can't decipher - at the sound of their raucous laughter, he does not crack a grin. But there's a fondness to his eyes that sets Jungkook's tumultuous stomach to rest; as long as Yoongi's lashes flutter with the kindness he feels towards them, they'll be alright.

When they reach the bench he's sat on, they both take a moment to double over and catch their breath. It must be comical to passersby, Jungkook thinks, to watch the spectacle of two grown men heaving at the feet of a third, who gazes on with seeming disinterest.

Eventually, Jungkook and Hoseok do manage to recover from the freak burst of adrenaline that had overcome them and propelled them across the park's grassy expanse. But in the wake of straightening their stances and regulating their breathing, it hits them square in the middle of the eyes.

They don't know how to start the conversation.

And Yoongi...

He just stares up at them through his bangs, lips an impassive line of silence, Jungkook's sketchbook opened up innocently in the criss-cross apple sauce of his lap. His chest rises and falls in slow, steady waves that betray nothing - the only thing to tip them off is the fidgeting his fingers do at the corner of one of the pages, bending and folding and massaging the paper until it wears thin in his grasp.

A sidelong glance to Hoseok tells Jungkook that his boyfriend definitely hadn't thought beyond actually *getting* to the park. Now that they're there, all his charisma and skills as a conversationalist have evaporated, leaving only his clammy palms and fidgeting feet in their wake. His mouth opens and closes several times as if to say something, but not a single sound escapes.

Sighing, Jungkook squares his shoulders.

"Hyung," he begins, trying valiantly to tamp down the urge to gnaw his bottom lip raw, "Yoongi-hyung..."

Yoongi remains unhelpfully quiet.

“I... *we*... have something to tell you that should’ve been said a long time ago...We’re sorry it took this long...”

Jungkook shoots a desperate look to Hoseok for help in continuing now that he’s got the ball rolling, but he’s greeted with empty space when he casts a look to his side. Perplexed, Jungkook returns his eyes back in front of him, only to have the wind knocked straight out of his chest in one big *whoosh*.

Hoseok is kissing Yoongi.

Knelt in front of him on the grass, one hand tilting the elder’s chin up while the other caresses his cheekbone with enough caution one would think he’s handling glass, Hoseok kisses Yoongi with all the fervor and force he can muster up. Hoseok kisses Yoongi with every fairy tale happy-ending lip-lock scene all amalgamated into one moment. Hoseok kisses Yoongi with every ounce of hope in his body - Jungkook can tell from the rigid line of his spine, the tremor in his fingers. Hoseok kisses Yoongi like he’s afraid that he’ll lose him as soon as he breaks away - Hoseok kisses Yoongi like he’s afraid that he’ll *lose him*.

Although it doesn’t look like Yoongi reciprocates, there is *definitely* a moan that passes between their lips that doesn’t belong to Hoseok. Now is beyond an inappropriate time for the thought, but Jungkook still finds himself thinking that he wouldn’t mind hearing it again.

They break apart with a soft *click*, lips split slicked and shiny. When Yoongi doesn’t say anything for a while, Hoseok rises to his feet and gingerly steps back next to his place beside Jungkook.

Quietude permeates the air for a few beats.

Then,

Yoongi turns to Jungkook. "Isn't it your turn?"

*What?*

"What?"

"Isn't it your turn to plant one on me, now," Yoongi continues, the faintest dregs of a smirk now rising to the surface, "or was that just Hoseok's piece of what he had to say?"

They're both - stunned. Shocked. Speechless. But perhaps it's foolish of them to be; they've known Yoongi for long enough to be more than aware of his personality quirks, the odd, roundabout way he deals with dialogues while still cohesively confronting the issue at hand. Jungkook personally thinks he just enjoys making other people squirm in their seats.

He takes his hands off of the sketchbook in his lap to pat the vacant bench space on either side of him. "The both of you. Sit."

Hoseok and Jungkook do as they're told, nearly falling over themselves as they hastily move to take a seat next to Yoongi. The amused twist to his lips has Jungkook thinking that the worst is not yet to come, that maybe there's a chance.

“...When I saw the both of you,” he begins quietly, “I thought I was going to be - anguished. Heartbroken. But...that never came. It wasn’t jealousy that overcame me, but. An odd sense of homesickness. I felt like I’d been away from where I belonged for too long, but my physical surroundings were as they’d always been - in the same apartment I’ve had since sophomore year, same classes since the beginning of the semester, same group of friends. And yet, I felt that something was missing. Whenever I’d look at you two, giggling quietly in the corner, or sneaking each other googly eyes...that hole in my heart filled for as long as my eyes stayed glued.

“That night, when I showed up with all my shit on your doorstep like some kind of beggar, it wasn’t because I didn’t have anywhere else to go. Being with the both of you was where I *wanted* to go, so I suppose I’m lucky Jungkookie was feeling extra hospitable, huh?

“Anyways. I’ve loved you two for so long, it feels as natural as breathing. If you’ll have me, I’m yours.”

Yoongi takes the both of their hands into his own and settles them on his lap, above the open pages of the sketchbook, squeezing with the strength of a million words unsaid. Jungkook knows that there must be more he wants to say, there must be pieces of the puzzle that are dying to crawl their way up his throat, but this confession is enough, at least for now. They can worry about the specifics of it all later, when their eyes are dry and no one is sniffing.

His speech doesn’t leave him shellshocked, not like Jungkook had dreamed it would have; instead, Jungkook feels the uneasiness that have plagued his joints and his back and his shoulders and his conscience fade away until he’s lighter than he can ever remember being in months. He’s quivering not with surprise, but the sheer force of *happiness* that overtakes him when he gazes into the smiles of the two men he loves most in the world, both directed at him.

“I love you too, Yoongi-hyung,” he feels compelled to say, although Yoongi’s laughter makes the twist to his lips falter.

“I know. I’ve known ever since that first day in the cafe, Kookie.”

*This guy.* “And you never *did anything about it?*”

“I’m not a homewrecker,” states Yoongi simply, eyes flicking towards Hoseok, “your boyfriend-”

“*Your* boyfriend, now, too, Hyung.” Hoseok grips Yoongi’s hand tighter, and Jungkook can feel it from where his own fingers are interlocked between theirs. “As long as...that’s okay?”

Light, bubbly, incredulous laughter spills past Yoongi’s lips. “Christ. *‘As long as that’s okay,’* he asks. Hoseok, do you know how long I’ve been pining over your oblivious ass?”

“Do you know how long I’ve been pining over *yours?*”

“*High school!*” They both exclaim at the same time, then pause to stare at each other in disbelief.

This, as most things do with them, brings on a round of bickering that has Jungkook giggling into the palm of his hand. It’s always amusing to watch his Hyungs banter about something harmless, and Jungkook considers himself unimaginably lucky that - this time - it’s about their *love* for one another.



God. It barely even feels real. The beautiful orange-gold of the sunset is mere background noise in comparison to how gorgeous his - his *boyfriends* look in front of him, even if they're being belligerent fools; but, hey. Jungkook supposes he's been a bit of a fool as of late, so he cuts them some slack, even if they're arguing a bit too loudly for a public area.

Watching them fall so easily into the dynamic that they share with one another has Jungkook resting assured that they'll be okay. For once, he has no qualms with taking in the beauty of both their forms, drinking in the way that their voices waft in the air, the way that they manage to make him smile just by being in his general vicinity. If finding pleasure in enjoying the presence of the people he loved most makes him greedy, then let him be greedy. If falling head over heels for a man who wasn't his boyfriend - at least, wasn't his boyfriend until *now* - makes him ungrateful, then let him be ungrateful. If finding it easy to bask in the adoration of their gazes, the gentleness of their caresses makes him spoiled, then let him be spoiled.

Because at the end of the day, he is *happy*.

And this time, Jungkook doesn't think twice before he voices this.

## Chapter End Notes

only the epilogue is left now -v- who's ready for some sinnnnnn  
come find me on [twitter!!!!](#) <33

# Little Things

## Chapter Summary

For the first time, Jungkook finally lets his bones relax.

*We're here, now.*

*It's okay.*

*It's okay.*

*It's okay.*

## Chapter Notes

extra long update this time because it's the last one T.T

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jungkook wakes slowly, like how the sun gradually pulls itself up from above the horizon, warm and glimmering and grand. What marks this morning different from all the others that he's experienced in his home, is that this time, there is an additional body which attaches itself to him like a second skin. Jungkook knows that he will eventually have to unfurl his limbs from the entanglement beneath the sheets, but he can't bring himself to even entertain the thought. Not right now, not when he's got the loves of his life so close that he can count their eyelashes and feel the thrumming of their heartbeats.

With everything in him, he yearns to fall back under the enticing blanket of slumber. Unfortunately, he's always been an early riser, and today is no exception despite how much he wishes it was. To just lay and bask in the sheer intensity of *safety* that envelopes him is far more enticing than any other option that presents itself, but he knows that he's going to have to get out of bed at one point or another. He takes

heed to carefully extricate himself from his lovers' grips, for fear of waking them in their peaceful sleep.

Hoseok, curled to one side, orange locks splayed out like sun-rays on his pillow, is a familiar sight.

Yoongi is a sight that is less so.

His lashes rest so delicately upon the tops of his cheeks that Jungkook thinks him a doll. The steady rise and fall of his chest is so stable, so even, that Jungkook finds himself entranced by watching it move under the soft white cotton of his sleep shirt. Yoongi's hands are clasped gently above his stomach, fingers intertwined together without so much as a fitful twitch or spasm. It has only been two weeks that Jungkook has had the opportunity to observe his Hyung while he sleeps, but he can say with confidence that he's never seen him *this* relaxed in their bed.

Perhaps it's something to do with the fact that it's Sunday - a day full of late starts and early closings, a consistent, dull heat seeming to permeate their home as they stay inside and do nothing but attend to one another. Sundays were always a more mellow day, one that they would make a point to spend with each other, even before they'd gotten together; the only difference is that, now, there's makeout sessions dispersed amongst the board games and the takeout ordering.

It had been good before, but it's even better now.

Gingerly lifting his legs above the comforter, he makes to get out of the bed and brew some coffee for the three of them, but something warm wraps around his forearm before he can pull himself up. Jungkook looks over his shoulder, and he can feel himself melt at the sight of Yoongi, still half asleep, damn near *pouting* while he glares at Jungkook through one heavily-lidded eye.

“Stay,” is what he mumbles against the pillow, “couple more minutes.”

“I thought Hyung likes it when I make his coffee for him?”

“Hyung likes it more when you cuddle with him.” And then Yoongi is tugging on his arm until he falls back against the pillows, mattress kicking back against the sudden onslaught of his weight and bouncing him up a couple centimeters before he settles back comfortably in between his boyfriends. “Better,” Yoongi murmurs, snuggling up next to him like a child next to their favorite stuffed animal. He smacks his lips once, twice, before nuzzling his head into the junction between Jungkook’s neck and clavicle. He’s well on his way back to the realms of slumber, Jungkook can feel it in how his breath rate begins to dwindle and how his muscles slowly unclench, one by one - but before he can slip completely, he’s jolted out of it by a voice to their left.

“Are we just *not* sleeping in past eight in the morning. Is that something we’ve decided on. Because I really would’ve liked to be in the loop.”

Muffling his giggles is considerably difficult. Hoseok has always been grumpy if woken up anytime before nine, and today is no exception. When Jungkook looks over, his boyfriend is propped up on his elbow and giving the both of them a weary scowl.

Jungkook leans forward until he’s popped Hoseok’s personal bubble and lets a grin slowly crawl across his face. “Sorry, Hyung.”

“‘Sorry’ won’t bring me back my precious beauty res- *mmph*...” Before he can fuss any longer, Jungkook has captured his lips in a chaste kiss, but one that lasts long enough to hint at something else - something

that has the grip Yoongi holds on Jungkook's sides tightening just a hair, something that throws a hitch into Hoseok's breath, something that wraps around Jungkook's belly like a vice and *squeezes*.

He's about to draw back. Really. He is. Because *maybe* eight-thirty in the morning is a bit too early for whatever shenanigans are running rampant in the back of his head, and *maybe* he's just a little reluctant to engage in said shenanigans for the first time while a certain someone is present.

The three of them have been together for a little over two weeks and it had been eerily similar to the daydreams Jungkook would conjure up while he sat, bored, in a lecture, mind grasping for straws to preoccupy himself with. His days were filled with the kind of happiness that made his chest expand into thousands of clouds in the bright azure sky that was *him*, light and airy and sweeping.

However.

*However.*

There was a certain quality of purity to it all - they haven't *done anything* yet.

But with the way Hoseok arches and moans into his mouth, Jungkook is starting to think that might change.

Even with the way his gut begins to roll in uncertainty, in apprehension, in anxiety, at the fact that this would be their first time together, he finds himself thinking that he wouldn't have it any other way; in the comfort and safety of their own bedroom, early morning sunlight sneaking in through the cracks of the blinds and hitting his lovers in a way that painted them with an otherworldly glow. If there

were a right time, it would be now.

Pulling away gently, Jungkook pries open his eyes to meet his boyfriend's blown pupils. He knows that look. He recognizes the way his tongue swipes slowly over his lips, the flush to his cheeks, the furrow of his brows. It would be comical that Hoseok had gotten so worked up over a simple kiss, if only for the fact that Jungkook is equally as aroused. He trails a hand from the side of Hoseok's face down, down, down to his neck, then his chest - pausing to circle around a nipple and relishing in the way Hoseok chokes on a whine - and then his hip bones, stopping there to rub circles into Hoseok's skin.

His fingers itch so *badly* to dip below the waistband of Hoseok's shorts.

But.

He chances a glance behind him, to where his other boyfriend lays, looking even more winded than the boyfriend in front of him does. "Yoongi-hyung," he begins, "are - are you okay with-"

"I've been waiting for this moment for literal *years*, Jeon Jungkook. If you stop now, I swear to God, I'll put on my clothes, walk out of this apartment, and move in with Namjoon."

Hoseok snorts. "Years, huh, Hyung?" He sits up properly just to cross his arms and gaze down teasingly at Yoongi. "That's a lotta nights spent with just your right hand and a bottle of Jergens, y'know."

"Oddly specific description. Are you speaking from experience?" And his retort is witty, but it does absolutely nothing to disguise the cherry that dusts the apples of his cheeks, the bridge of his nose. His face only grows deeper in shade when Hoseok inches closer to him with an

evil smirk on his face, one that makes Jungkook shiver from where he lays between them.

“Bet you’d like to hear all about it. How I touched myself and imagined it was you, wished so badly that you were there to do it for me...” The words are spoken directly into Yoongi’s mouth, and Hoseok’s volume trails off towards the end until he’s speaking at barely above a whisper, tone intimate and heady. He brings up a hand from where it’s resting behind him on the mattress to capture Yoongi’s bottom lip between his forefinger and thumb, pulling at it teasingly before releasing and letting it snap back into place with a soft *click*.

The noise that Yoongi lets out is one Jungkook had only let himself think about when he was alone in the apartment and holed up in his bedroom with the door locked and the blinds shut, fingers shamefully pumping in and out of himself until he came with a tearful whine of *Yoongi-hyung!* It’s not something he imagined he’d ever get to hear outside the confines of his own mind - so when it reaches his ears, he can’t help but to let slip an answering whimper of his own.

The two men above him pay him no mind, however, beguiled entirely by one another. When Hoseok brings up a hand to stroke along the defined planes of Yoongi’s collarbones, the older lets rip through him a full-body shudder. Their eyes stay interlocked as Hoseok trails his fingers across the expanse of his chest, dragging his nails lightly atop the middle just to watch the red marks they leave in their wake. He brings his thumb to a nipple and tests the waters by flicking over it teasingly - Jungkook clamps down *hard* on his bottom lip when Yoongi *whines*.

To be truthful? Jungkook is more than content with watching.

But he can only handle so much of their circuitous foreplay - if it’s tortuous for him, then he doesn’t even want to imagine what it feels like to be in their positions. At this point, Hoseok is playing with him like one would play with their meal, pushing it around and exploring

how many times it can be poked and prodded and tickled until it dissolves.

Their faces are still mere centimeters apart, lips tickling each other with the barest of touches. Yoongi's jaw is dropped, mouth spread wide and open to accommodate the tilt of Hoseok's head which provides him with the perfect angle to lean in and swallow the gasps Yoongi shudders out, only to return them right back with stuttered panting; they are, quite literally, breathing each other's air.

Jungkook is so hard that it *hurts*.

He doesn't know how long it's been since Hoseok had begun to tease Yoongi (and, in extension, Jungkook) - all he knows is that if something doesn't happen *now*, he's going to do something mortifying. Like come in his shorts, or beg to be double penetrated.

His limbs seem to move on their own accord; one minute he'd been flat on his back, trying to tamp down the subtle cant of his hips and the next, he's sitting up and bringing both of his arms to cradle the backs of his boyfriends' heads before pushing them towards each other.

This seems to be the encouragement that they needed.

Jungkook realizes belatedly that the reason they'd skirted around kissing must have been because they were *shy*. It makes him want to giggle, but the sight of them interlocked at the mouths pilfers the laugh right from his lungs.

They collide like fire and ice, like fall and spring, like the sun and the moon. Where Yoongi pushes, Hoseok pulls, in an infinite game of hide and go seek. Jungkook can *hear* the sounds of their tongues working



against each other, stimulating and pulsing and writhing in the chasm of their interlocked lips - it's better than any kiss Jungkook has experienced firsthand, even with Hoseok. Just watching them...

It feels *right*. Like this is where all three of them are *supposed* to be.

And he knows that his boyfriends feel the same. They've exchanged pecks and nibbles in the two weeks that all three of them had shared together, but nothing that could compare to the scene that unfolds right now, under the comforting blanket of the early morning sun. Hoseok has a penchant for trying to speak with his body, and it is no exception with Yoongi; when he licks into his mouth, Jungkook's ears hear every single confession, apology, exclamation, and cry that comes with the swipe of his tongue, the nip of his incisors, the caresses he lays upon the other like prayer. Yoongi replies back with just as much clarity, retorting easily in the bone-crushing grip he holds on Hoseok's hips that speak so deeply of things between them that Jungkook doesn't think he'll ever be able to understand.

There's a couple things that don't get lost in translation, though.

*I'm sorry it took this long*, said in the way Hoseok spreads Yoongi back down on the mattress, lips never once disconnecting.

*I've dreamt about this moment for years*, written across Hoseok's back as Yoongi sinks his nails in and *drags*.

*I love you*, wordlessly expressed when they finally - *finally* - break apart, and stare at each other in a deafening silence.

"...Hi," Yoongi whispers.

“H-heya.” Hoseok brings a hand up from where they’d both been planted beside Yoongi’s head to give a small wave.

The awkwardness, the exhilarated flushes that leak all across their faces, the tremor in their muscles, the stammer in their speech...

It’s almost like they’re meeting each other again for the first time.

This thought is what finally drives Jungkook to snap out of his entranced daze and reach out because - because suddenly - he *needs* to touch them. Needs to feel them against his skin, needs to be able to count their heartbeats as easily as he can count their eyelashes, needs to be so close to them that he can reassure himself that they aren’t going anywhere any time soon, that it will *never* again be like before.

“Hyungs,” he chokes out, reaching an arm towards their bodies, and that’s all it takes.

Yoongi grabs ahold of his wrist and *yanks* him forwards, hard enough to have Jungkook stumbling on his elbows until he collapses right on top of his chest, hard enough to land Jungkook’s lips right on top of Yoongi’s own. His Hyung kisses him with a type of intensity that Jungkook had learned to pick up on in his gaze when he thought Jungkook wasn’t looking. If he had shivered under the sensation of just being *looked* at like that, then he practically melts into a puddle on Yoongi’s chest, knees quivering even though he’s lying down.

From somewhere above him, he hears Hoseok suck in a sharp “*Shit*,” and feels the familiar slide of his boxers being coaxed below his waist. He lets it happen, agreeably lifting his hips to allow the fabric to come free by Hoseok’s hand as he continues to lose himself in the way Yoongi commandeers his mouth.

“So good,” he breathes against his Hyung’s lips when they part for air, “So good, *more, more...*”

“Hear that, Seok?” Yoongi’s voice is rough and raspy in all the right ways and it is doing absolutely *nothing* to help the hardness between his legs. “Kookie wants *more.*”

There must be some unspoken mode of communication that passes between his boyfriends, because Yoongi smirks and winks over the top of his right shoulder before snaking a hand down between their bellies and relishing in the shiver that it elicits. He starts to fiddle his fingers across his skin with the intent to tease, but Jungkook has had quite enough of the foreplay, even without being touched himself until right now. Watching his boyfriends play around was about all that he could take.

When Yoongi attempts to slip his hand back up and dip his fingers into Jungkook’s open, wanton mouth, Jungkook grabs his arm and drags it down, down, down, with an imperceptible shake of his head. He finds himself thinking that as they become more familiar with each other sexually, he won’t be able to get away scotch free with doing something as bold as blatantly redirecting Yoongi’s path - the glint in the elder’s eye and the raising of his eyebrows only confirms this. But, Jungkook supposes, this is just their first time, and it’s probably for this reason that Yoongi acquiesces and lets his hand be pulled south towards Jungkook’s weeping cock.

Upon first contact, Jungkook is sure of the fact that he will not last long at all.

It’s bad enough that he’s already had fantasies run rampant in his head for *months* about the very hands that grip him tight and intimate in this moment, boxy and calloused and mannish in a way that makes Jungkook want to curl up and be taken care of.

The pressure around his cock is delicious, aided by the precome that leaks from his tip and along his shaft, only to be collected and spread up and down by Yoongi's palm. Jungkook has to muffle a cry into his hand when his foreskin is gently pulled down, and Yoongi's thumb and forefinger begin to rub at the sensitive underside of his head. Despite it almost being too much, Jungkook's hips still attempt to kick into the sensation, but they're held in place by another set of hands behind him.

Honestly, he'd almost forgotten that Hoseok was there.

But his other boyfriend takes care to make his presence known by sinking his teeth into Jungkook's ass and groaning when he whines. His hands crawl from their grip on his hip bones and slither down to meet his mouth, prying open Jungkook's cheeks so Hoseok can blow a stream of cool air across his hole, just to watch it twitch and shake almost as badly as Jungkook does.

Meanwhile, Yoongi continues to service him with the handjob of the *century*. His wrist twists on the upstroke and tightens on the way down, fingers carrying with them a friction that's just the right side of rough. It makes Jungkook want to squeal, so he does, completely overwhelmed with the amount of stimuli that he's being bathed in.

Distantly, he hears a cap pop somewhere, and then a familiar squirting sound, but he pays it no mind - not until slick fingers are coming back in between his cheeks to prod at his hole, one wriggling its way inside of him with almost no resistance. Just because it had been a while since someone *else* had touched him didn't mean that Jungkook himself had to abstain from pleasure, after all.

"Jesus," Hoseok breathes, pumping in and out at a pace that matches the slide of Yoongi's hand, "he's loose. Did Kookie-Kookie get all worked up thinking of his Hyungs touching him like this, huh? You couldn't take it, could you? Needed some relief? Needed to feel good?"

Jungkook *sobs* against Yoongi's chest.

"Yuh - yes."

"Bet it didn't feel as good as when we touch you, though. You can't fuckin' get enough, sucking me right in so well, baby. Here, you can take another."

"*More.*"

"You sure, baby?"

"*Moooooore.*"

He whines it while he nibbles on Yoongi's adam's apple, shimmying his hips back onto the three fingers now steadily breaching him and dragging along his walls. When they eventually brush up against his prostate, it makes him start, hips bucking wildly, only pushing him further into Yoongi's increasingly intense grasp.

The end is near - he can feel it in how the coil in the pit of his gut seems to wind tighter and tighter, he can hear it in his own whines which only seem to leap higher and higher in octave. Thighs quivering with the exertion it takes to keep his ass propped up, mouth slack and steadily leaking drool onto the flat plane of Yoongi's chest, eyes rolled back into his skull, Jungkook *knows* that he is only seconds away from the most world-shattering orgasm he has experienced thus far. He just - he needs *something* more, something to really drive it home-

*“Hyung thinks you’re beautiful, too, Jungkookie,”* Yoongi whispers intimately into the shell of his ear.

Jungkook is pretty sure that he blacks out for a solid sixty seconds.

When he comes to, he’s been laid flat on his back and there’s semen trailing all the way from the top of his chest to the dip of his bellybutton. He drags his fingers through the mess absentmindedly as he gazes up at the two men kneeling on the bed above him, looking down at him with varying levels of amusement.

“We’re gonna get a complaint filed against us,” Yoongi sighs fondly, running a hand through Jungkook’s sweat-dampened hair.

Hoseok shoots back, “Wouldn’t be the first time,” as he dips his fingers in the come along Jungkook’s abdomen, collecting enough to push into the boy’s mouth and hold on top of his tongue. His boyfriend doesn’t even have to utter the command *“Swallow”* - Jungkook obediently swirls his tongue around the digits and laps up every last drop, before letting it slide easily down his throat. When he’s finished, he opens his mouth wide for Hoseok to check that it’s all gone, and feels fuzzy in his tummy when he hears Yoongi curse.

“Good boy,” gets murmured into his ribcage as Hoseok dips down to lick up more semen, this time pushing it into Jungkook’s mouth with his own. They pass it around between each other for a while, content to swap spit and semen while Yoongi looks on in what they both know good and well is barely-restrained lust. He snaps after maybe a minute or two, dragging Hoseok off by his hair to lick into his mouth, and then into Jungkook’s. The three of them continue like this for awhile, senselessly kissing each other like they’ve got eternity to do so.

Eventually, though, they do slow down. And when they stop completely, Hoseok poses Jungkook a question.

“Baby. You up for more? It’s alright to say no.”

He’d genuinely forgotten that both Hoseok and Yoongi have yet to get off. In fact, they *still* have their shorts on, which is a travesty in Jungkook’s personal opinion.

Decisively, he nods. “More.”

“...You sure, Kook?” Yoongi murmurs, carding his fingers through Jungkook’s hair and gripping just a touch harder when Jungkook arches into it. “You don’t - don’t feel like you *have*-”

“I wanna feel Hyung in *here*.”

Just because he *knows* what it will do to Yoongi, Jungkook draws his knees up to his sticky chest and uses his hands to spread his cheeks wide, fingertips teasing the edge of his slackened hole. Carefully, slowly, gently, he eases a digit inside of himself and gasps at the sensation that runs through his overstimulated body, sending shockwaves down his spine like lightning through a tree. “In *here*, Hyung,” he moans, slipping another finger inside and maintaining eye contact with Yoongi for as long as he can before his eyes flutter shut on their own accord and his head tilts back, showcasing the litany of marks that adorn the length of his neck.

A sharp gasp sounds from above him, but he can’t bring himself to crack an eye open, not when the edges of his consciousness are beginning to fray and spark and light on fire as he continues to fuck himself on his own fingers, refractory period be damned. The pleasure derived from putting on a show for his boyfriends is enough to put an arch in his back, to pry his lips open in a thousand silent screams.

Jungkook checks out for a little bit, losing himself in the delicious burn of overstimulation, so it catches him off guard when his hands are abruptly pulled from his entrance, and something much bigger, much blunter replaces them. Just the wet, lubed tip of Yoongi's cock has him writhing on the bedsheets in anticipation of something that his gut has yearned for before he was aware he'd wanted it in the first place. When Jungkook pries open his eyes, he's met with the sight of Yoongi above him, one hand gripping tight onto his left hip bone while the other lines himself up with Jungkook's hole. Jungkook is starting to think that perhaps Yoongi has a penchant for playing around with his food, because he lets his cock slip up and down the crack of Jungkook's ass, lazily thrusting between his cheeks with a wicked smirk on his face. Whining does nothing to persuade his Hyung into *just getting on with it*, and instead only prolongs the teasing by tapping his tip at the puckered skin of Jungkook's ass.

He knows that this is supposed to be payback for the months of waiting in silence, for the years spent holding his tongue, but that doesn't *matter anymore*. What matters is that they're here, together, wrapped up in the embrace of each other's intimacy, and Jungkook is tired of waiting for something his heart has told him was his since the beginning.

So he grips onto both of Yoongi's forearms, draws him close enough until their noses kiss, and breathes, "*please. I'm yours.*"

This seems to do the trick.

In one fluid motion, Yoongi sheathes himself fully inside. The wind is knocked completely from Jungkook's lungs and he doesn't know if he'll ever recover, not as long as he can commit the feeling of being so overwhelmingly *complete* to memory.

All the months that he'd pined over the elder had been spent living with a constant itch in the base of his spine, something he couldn't scratch regardless of how he tried to distract himself with new



interests, or catching up on late assignments, or fucking himself silly, or anything that could possibly draw his attention away from the fact that he felt - partial. Fragmentary. Like he was missing something, and the only time he ever came close to retrieving that something was when he'd been sat in the cafe with Yoongi, doing something as mundane and rudimentary as talking about their days.

Even up until moments ago, he'd still felt that same longing, that same *yearning*, like he somehow wasn't close enough to his Hyung despite everything.

Now, though.

Now he's *whole*.

The sex isn't even lewd - Yoongi wraps both of his arms around Jungkook's shoulder blades, gathers him tight to his chest, and just. Holds him there. Holds him so close that Jungkook can count his heartbeats as easily as he can count his eyelashes, can wind his arms around Yoongi's neck so that the both of their heads lock into each other's necks. Yoongi's hips piston with a purpose, and it almost distracts Jungkook from the way his Hyung is quivering in his hold. The wetness that collects in the hollows of his collarbones where Yoongi's face rests tells Jungkook everything, though, and he just hugs him that much tighter.

He's not sure how he knows, but he just *knows* when they're both about to make it to the end of their ropes. Jungkook pulls Yoongi's head from his embrace and brings them forehead to forehead, nose to nose, lip to lip, and breathes into his mouth, "*I love you.*"

Yoongi comes with a *sob*. Something strangled and hoarse and less of a moan and more of a cry for help - it's ripped from him like it clawed its way up his throat and out of his mouth, and it makes Jungkook

clutch onto him for dear life, even while in the throes of orgasm. He recognizes the telltale groan and curse of Hoseok's that signals he's reached his own climax while watching them, and then he's joining their huddle on the bed. The three of them rock back and forth in a soothing repetition on top of their soiled sheets, Jungkook and Hoseok pressing their lips against every inch of Yoongi's skin that they can, running their hands up and down his chest and back in what they hope is a calming gesture - anything to get him to stop shaking.

"I just - you two are it for me," he chokes out after a couple minutes, after the tears have dried and the tremor in his muscles has simmered down, "you guys are really it. This still doesn't feel real."

Wordlessly, Jungkook squeezes him tighter.

"But it is. You're finally ours, and we're finally yours, so you can let go, Yoongi. Let go. We're here, now. It's okay."

The words seem to ring a little bit true for all of them - months spent in heartache is hard to forget, but it isn't apart of them anymore. It's not apart of how they interact with each other, *who* they are to each other, or how they'll go from here.

For the first time, Jungkook finally lets his bones relax.

*We're here, now.*

*It's okay.*

*It's okay.*

*It's okay.*

## Chapter End Notes

i just wanna say thank u!! so much!! i never anticipated this story to get the reaction that it did, you are all so kind and writing this was really a blast :')) im nowhere near done writing sobikook tho, they're my ot3 forever;;;

thank u for commenting n giving feedback, thank u to those of u who reached out to me personally just to say how much u liked this fic, and thank u everyone for reading!!

come find me on:

twitter: [@milkteaajjk](#)

and [curiouscat!!](#)

## End Notes

i told myself never again would i do a multichap but, well. Here I Am.

chapters might be a lil short, but updates will be faster this way~

come yell @ me on [tumblr](#) !!!!! or [twitter](#) !!!! !!!

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